



Inside

**MIL MASCARAS SEEKS REVENGE  
FOR HIS BROTHER**

September 1980

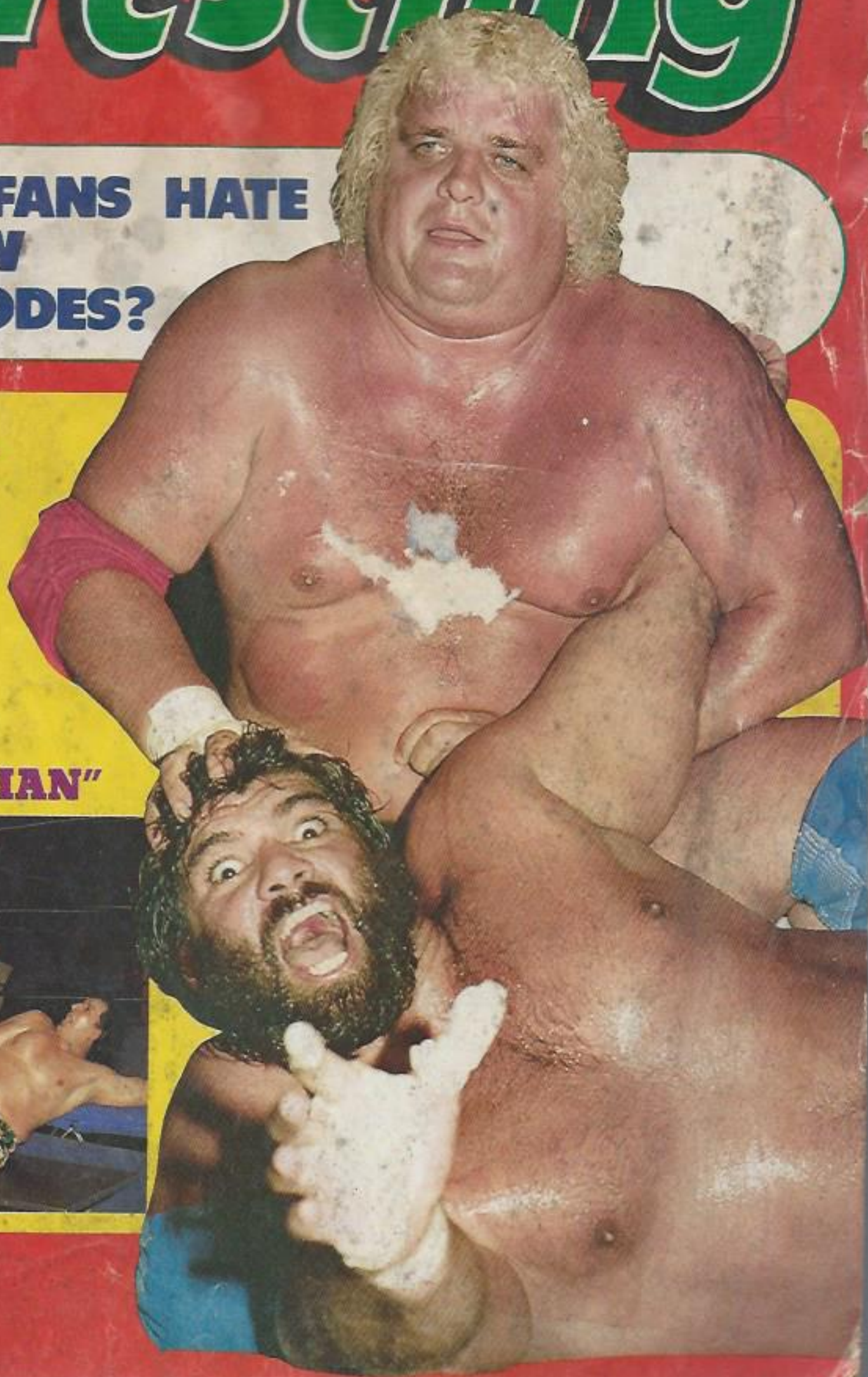
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# Wrestling

**WILL THE FANS HATE  
THE NEW  
DUSTY RHODES?**

**LARRY ZBYSKO —  
BATTLE ROYAL  
COWARD...  
AND WINNER!**

**ERNIE LADD:  
"THE ONLY  
GOOD INDIAN  
IS A DEAD INDIAN"**





# EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Peter  
King

Editor-in-Chief

Once again, in response to your letters, I will try and clear up the very confusing title picture. Listed below are the champions recognized by the editors of INSIDE WRESTLING magazine.

NWA World Heavyweight Champion: HARLEY RACE

NWA World Tag Team Champions: RICK STEAMBOAT & JAY YOUNGBLOOD

NWA North American Champion: TED DIBIASE

NWA Champion of Champions: MR. WRESTLING II

Southern Heavyweight Champion: DUSTY RHODES

NWA National TV Champion: TOMMY RICH

Florida Heavyweight Champion: DON "MAGNIFICENT" MURACO

Florida Tag Team Champions: STANLEY LANE & BRYAN ST. JOHN

Georgia Heavyweight Champion: AUSTIN IDOL

Georgia Tag Team Champions: IVAN KOLOFF & ALEXIS SMIRNOFF

American Heavyweight Champion: KEVIN VON ERICH

Missouri State Champion: KEN PATERA

Mid-Atlantic Champion: HUSSEIN ARAB

NWA U.S. Champion: RIC FLAIR

Mid-Atlantic Tag Team Champions: THE MASKED SUPERSTARS

Americas Champion: CHAVO GUERRERO

WWF World Heavyweight Champion: BOB BACKLUND

WWF Tag Team Champions: THE SAMOANS

WWF Inter-Continental Champion: KEN PATERA

WWF Junior Heavyweight Champion: TATSUMI FUJINAMI

AWA World Heavyweight Champion: NICK BOCKWINKEL

AWA Tag Team Champions: VERNE GAGNE & MAD DOG VACHON

Canadian Tag Team Champions: RICK MARTEL & RODDY PIPER



# TOP SECRET

## Behind the Dressing Room Door

by Stu  
Saks

**Y**OU DON'T SNEAK UP on Superstar Billy Graham. You don't sneak around him. If you want something from Superstar Graham, you come up to him and ask for it.

Every wrestling writer knows this. Everybody in the sport knows this. These days, unfortunately, the direct approach does not work with the Superstar. He seems to be avoiding everybody. Especially the press.

When he was in the northeast, we had long talks about his plans, and it was all on the record. Superstar Graham is what's known in journalism business as "good copy." His boasts and brags were always very interesting for reporters and readers alike, and 99 percent of them came to pass.

I had received word of the new *I want to be alone* attitude that Graham has maintained while wrestling in Texas, but it did not seem likely. You have to understand that while the press constantly hovered around Graham, he never liked most of the reporters. He used them and they used him. But if he trusted you, he would go deeper than the boasts and brags; he would talk to you—on the record—about his inner hopes and dreams.

Knowing the Texas press, however, I could almost understand Graham's withdrawal. I worked on a small newspaper in Dallas for six months and I noticed that the reporters tend to come on too strongly. Their lack of subtlety often infringes on their attempts to get a story. When you're approaching a controversial figure, such as Superstar Graham, you cannot

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# Body Slams & Pinfalls

By Dan Shocket



According to Dan Shocket, Dusty Rhodes (battling Harley Race) has set a bad example for such men as Austin Idol, Ric Flair and Stan Stasiak, who have all changed from rulebreakers to fan favorites.

**R**EADING THE STORY on Dusty Rhodes in this issue, it's easy to see why the fool will never be a champion. He doesn't have the guts.

He says he wants to be champion at any cost. If he has to wrestle dirty, that's the breaks. Someone might guess Rhodes got an attack of smarts. Then Dusty reveals he's the same stupid slug he's always been.

Rhodes continues to say he wants to be beloved by the fans. Isn't that adorable? Doesn't it make you want to pinch his balloon cheeks? He's not afraid of anything—except a couple of boos.

This means, for all his famous Rhodes' bluster,

that at crucial moments, when a man has to choose between popularity and glory, Rhodes will compromise for popularity. That's like saying, "I'll go all the way, unless the going gets tough."

Fans who worry they won't like the "new" Dusty Rhodes can rest easy. There'll be no change. It takes a man to turn his back on his fans and go for what he believes. Rhodes is no man. The fans will love him because there won't be any change. Rhodes talks a good game. Talk is cheap.

What infuriates me is that Rhodes will probably gain more fame for his milquetoast driveling than most real wrestlers will get

from their accomplishments (that his photo should be featured on the cover of this magazine is a disgrace which I protest). How come fans don't care about the truth, brutalized athletes who wrestle hard without bragging about it? Stanley Lane, Greg Valentine, and other young grapplers deserve the publicity. Even some of the veterans—Ivan Koloff, Jerry Lawler and Superstar Billy Graham—deserve the attention now lavished on Rhodes. That's only the beginning of this man's crimes.

More horribly, his example has destroyed the careers of men like Austin Idol, Blackjack Mulligan and Stan Stasiak. Once the best type of competitors, these men have followed in Rhodes' footsteps. They see Rhodes raking in the money, getting the adulation, all without winning a major title. They risk their necks, are booed for their genius, and wind up making less money than Rhodes. Who can blame them for following Dusty's example and taking the easy way out?

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# ON THE ROAD

with  
'GARY MORGENSTEIN'

MADISON  
SQUARE GARDEN  
NEW YORK CITY

MAPLE LEAF GARDEN  
TORONTO

MINNEAPOLIS  
AUDITORIUM  
MINNEAPOLIS

THE SCOPE  
NORFOLK

THE SUPERDOME  
NEW ORLEANS

MID-SOUTH  
COLISEUM  
MEMPHIS

THE SPECTRUM  
PHILADELPHIA

THE OLYMPIA  
LOS ANGELES

THE KIEL  
ST. LOUIS

COBO HALL  
DETROIT

THE SUMMIT  
HOUSTON

THE OMNI  
ATLANTA

MIAMI BEACH  
AUDITORIUM  
MIAMI

**G**LADYS LANGLEY lifted the blue-and-white porcelain tea cup and poured both of us another glass. I'd given up refusing after the third cup and fifth plate of homemade brownies.

"So you want to know about Mark Lewin." Gladys wrinkled her face and sighed. "Such aggravation and grief from my nephew, you shouldn't know from it." Gladys shook her head and munched the edge of a brownie.

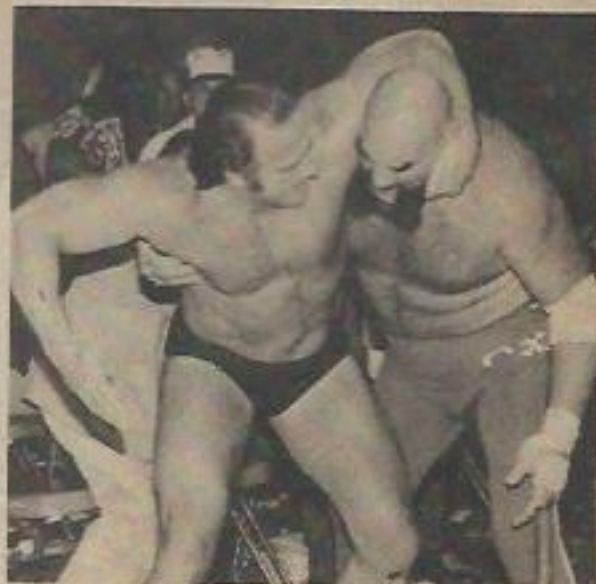


Though Mark Lewin was always a loner, nothing from his childhood can explain his adulthood behavior.

"Growing up, Mark was a joy. A pleasure, ah, how we thought wonderful things for him, so, we were any different?" She shrugged. "I raised Mark like he was my own. Such a good boy, here." A family album materialized from within the spotless, battered coffee table. "Look, Mark getting a good behavior medal in the school auditorium." She jabbed the photo of a young Lewin, about 11, politely accepting an ugly looking metal chain from a bald principal.

"Then one day he came home and said, 'Aunt Gladys, I'm going to be a professional wrestler.' I thought, a what? Who knew from such things as a professional wrestler. Maybe a dentist, I said. He was firm, talked about doing wonderful things and stopping bad people and everything. I gave him my blessings and three chicken and tomato sandwiches. I didn't see

him for three years. And when I did, I threw the bum out of this house." Her bony hand fisted and pounded the blue plaid couch.



Maniac Mark battles Ox Baker outside the ring.

I'd come to Buffalo in search of Mark Lewin's past, a clue to his bizarre and violent behavior. Talking to people in wrestling would only furnish discolored perceptions. No wrestler nor manager has immunity against prejudicial opinions. Besides, I don't waste my publisher's money frivolously. Well, sometimes. I wanted to talk to key people from Mark Lewin's youth. Surely one could answer my question.

Pool balls rattled around the green felt table. Oscar Trevor sucked on the cigarette and rubbed chalk onto the tip of the cue stick.

"Sure, I remember Lewin. Strange kid." Trevor shot the eight ball into the corner pocket. "Always hung outside and looked in. One time I asked if he wanted to just walk around and he ran away. Never saw him again." Cue ball barreled into the side pocket. Trevor swore and turned away.

"He wasn't a bad kid," said Paul Phillips, sole proprietor of Paul's Bowling Alley. "Never hung with a crowd from what I can recall. A loner, but kind of admired the tough kids. That's about all I remember. He's a big-shot athlete now, ain't he?"

Loners fall into one of two categories: those who stay alone by choice and those searching for a

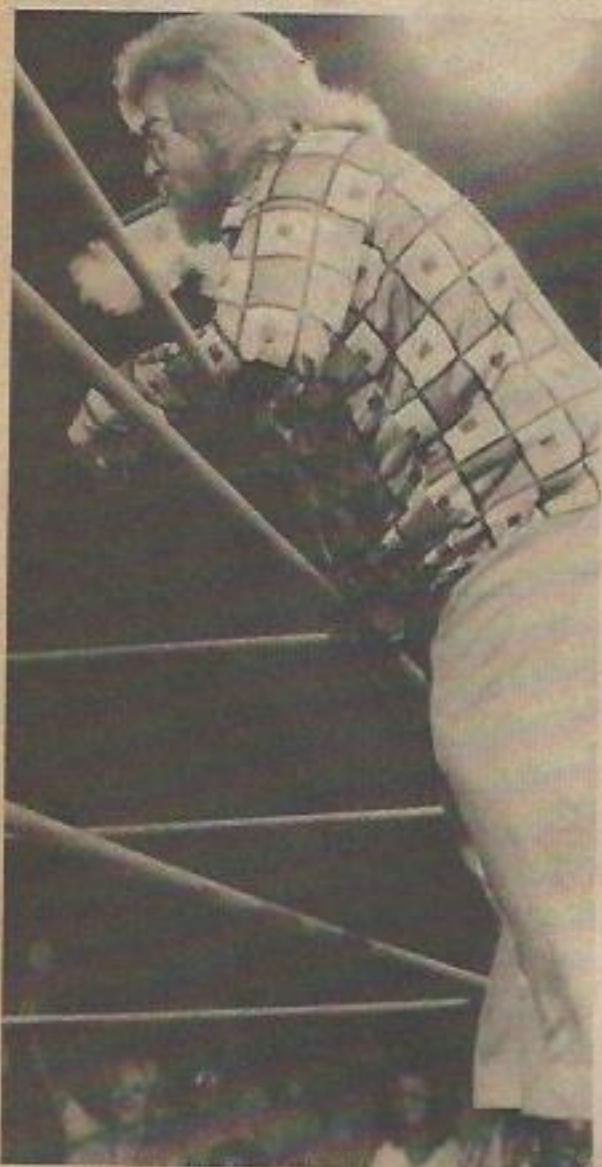
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# NAMES MAKI

This month three men dominate the news, and this column will be strictly devoted to discussing the controversy they have become involved in. MR. FLORIDA, SUPER DESTROYER and SIR OLIVER HUMPERDINK are making enough news by themselves for an entire column.

Let me explain that Championship Wrestling from Florida



"Non-smoker" Sir Oliver Humperdink stands on the ring apron as Super Destroyer grapples Mr. Florida.

appointed me to be on a committee to investigate the situation surrounding these men. My findings will follow. First a brief recap of the entire incident

Mr. Florida was grappling Super Destroyer at the Florida Sportatorium. At ringside, Super Destroyer's manager, Humperdink, watched the battle as he

puffed away at a cigar.

It became obvious that Mr. Florida was about to take a win from the hated masked Super Destroyer. When Humperdink realized that his man was through, he became involved in a fracas with Mr. Florida. Moments later, Humperdink's cigar wound up on the mat. Super Destroyer picked up the lit cigar and it appeared that he threw it at Mr. Florida's face. The popular masked man fell to the mat, his left eye burned.

Humperdink and Super Destroyer's side of the story (according to Humperdink's sworn statement) is as follows:

"We did not burn Mr. Florida's eye intentionally. When the cigar fell into the ring, Super Destroyer merely tried to throw it out. Mr. Florida just got in the way. We are fine, upstanding citizens and would never lower ourselves to do



Mr. Florida attacks Humperdink and the cigar goes flying into the ring.



Humperdink is thrown from the ring (above). The cigar is thrown into Mr. Florida's face (below) in this fuzzy but very incriminating photograph.



something like that. We wish him a speedy recovery."

Mr. Florida contends:

"I saw him deliberately throw the cigar at me. Humperdink and his Super Destroyer have tried to do away with me since I came to the state of Florida and this is the only way they could accomplish it, so they thought. They were wrong. I will be back and I won't need any cigar to run them out of the state!"

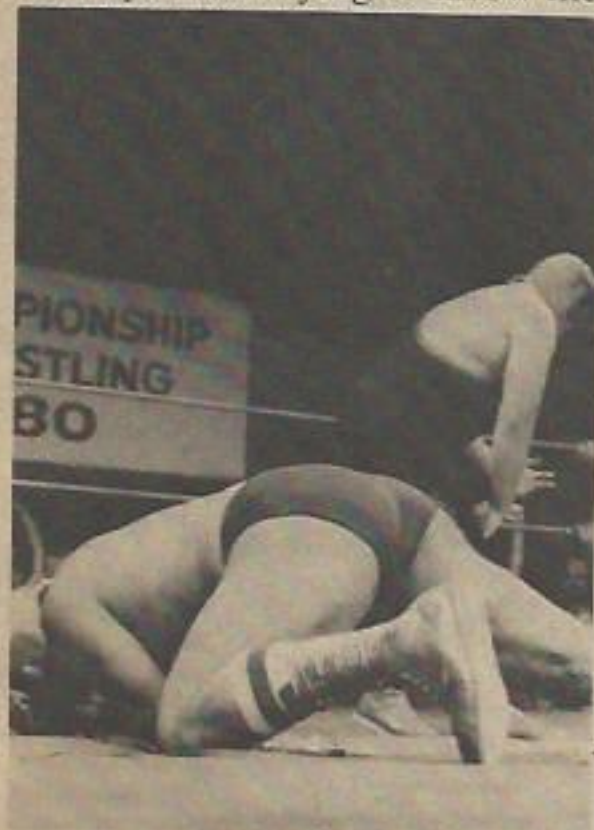


# I N' NEWS

Bill Apter  
reporting...

The way I evaluate the incident: Sir Oliver Humperdink is a non-smoker. I have been in airplanes with him and he always sits in the non-smoking section. I also checked with several of his relatives who assured me the man never smoked.

The contention that Super Destroyer was trying to throw the



Mr. Florida lies on the mat in extreme pain (above and below). His left eye has been burned by Super Destroyer.



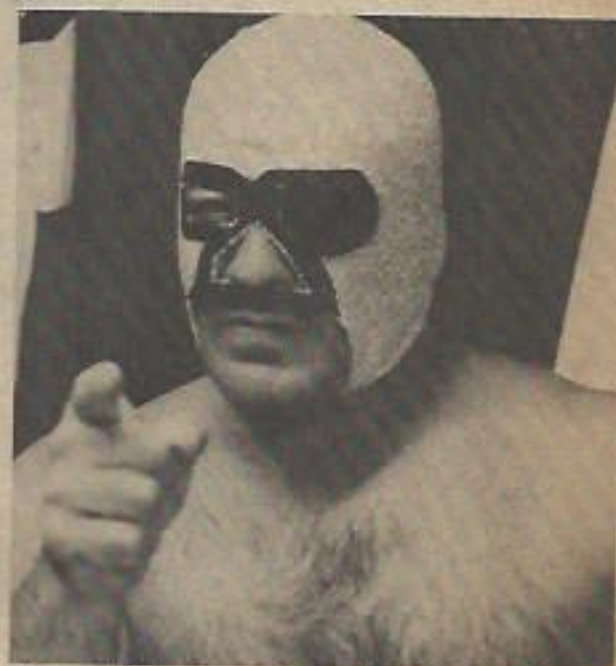
Wrestlers rush into the ring to aid Mr. Florida (above and below). Super Destroyer and Humperdink have fled the scene.



cigar away does not seem to make sense. I want to know why he did not kick it out of the ring, which would have been the normal reflex action. Instead he picked up the cigar and threw it, hitting Mr. Florida's left eye.

Unfortunately, no conclusive

proof can be found in the photos. The most incriminating photo was blurred when photographer Jerry Prater was shoved from behind by an unidentified man. The video tapes, which this entire staff has watched dozens of times, are inconclusive as well. My report, of which a carbon copy has been filed with the NWA, suggests that unless conclusive proof can be found, nothing can be done to Humperdink and Super Destroyer. As much as I personally feel that this was a premeditated act on their part, one cannot be absolutely certain.



Aftermath: Mr. Florida, his left eye covered with a patch, vows to get even with Humperdink and Super Destroyer.

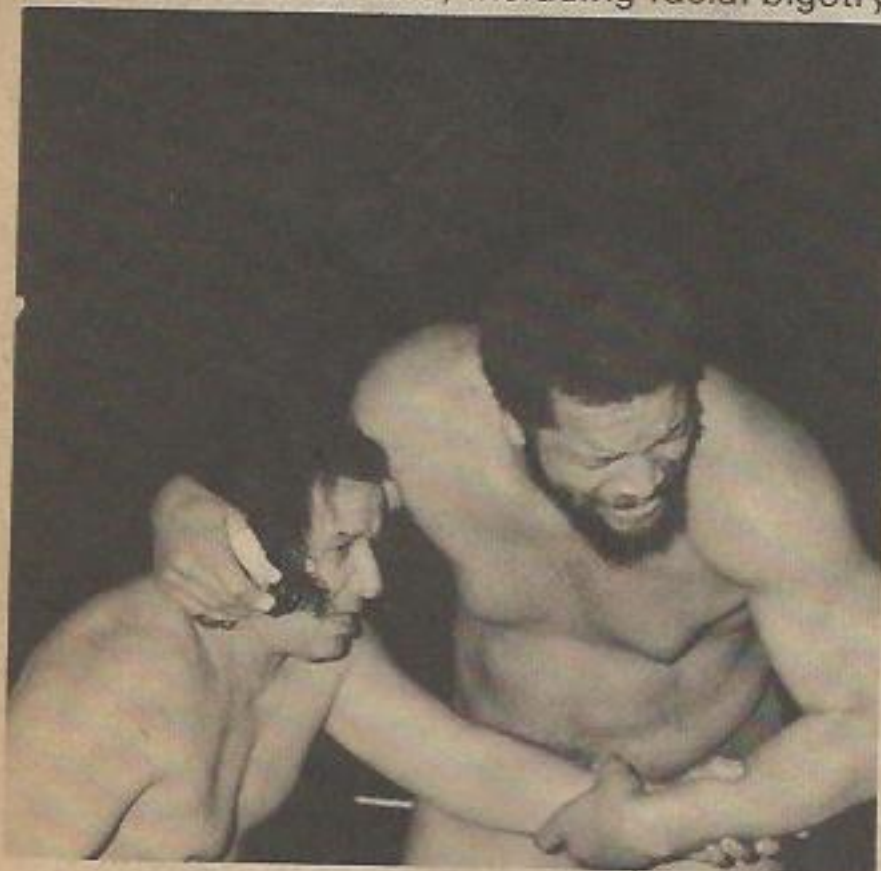
Conclusion: Based on this one incident, Championship Wrestling from Florida officials can do nothing but let Humperdink and Super Destroyer go on with their usual business. I feel, though, that they should be fined heavily since they have repeatedly tried to reinjure Mr. Florida's eye in subsequent meetings. That, gentlemen, is proof enough for me. They should not be allowed to have the honor of wrestling again in Florida—or anyplace for that matter. □





# Matt Brock's **PLAIN SPEAKING**

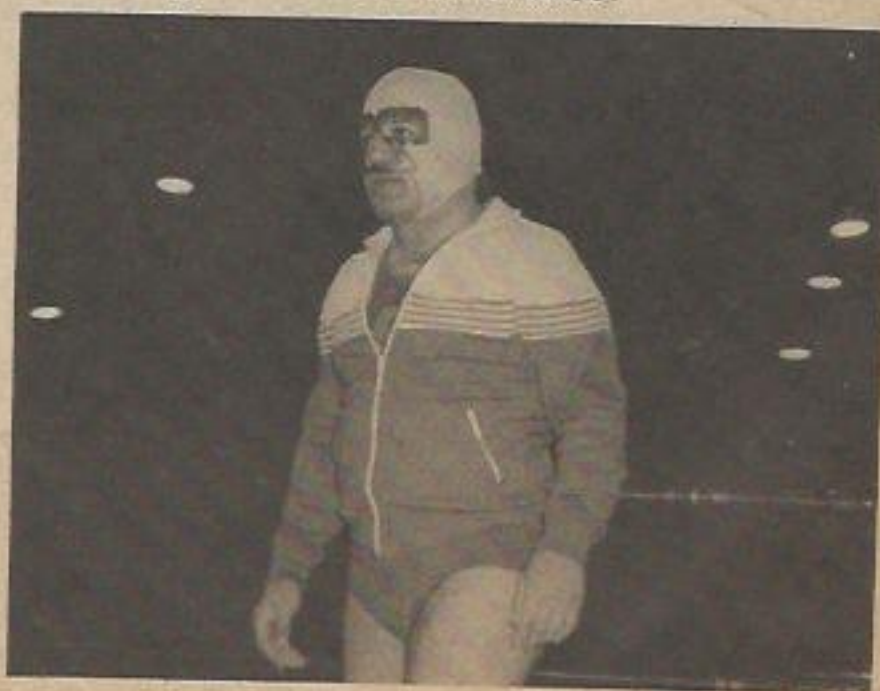
**ATLANTA, GA:** Who the hell does Ernie Ladd think he is? Damn straight I'm angry. Bullets shoot out of my blue-and-red eyes at the recollection of Ladd's assault upon Chief Jay Strongbow. Again, who the hell is Ernie Ladd to pull a demented stunt like that? Certain basic laws of civilization should prevail within the squared circle. Greed and hate, including racial bigotry,



## **STRONGBOW VS. LADD**

should not be permitted. Ladd's repeated treacheries involving illegal maneuvers and foreign objects within the "taped" thumb are one thing. Ripping off Strongbow's headdress and shoving feathers into his mouth insults Strongbow's heritage and mocks wrestling. Such conduct cannot be tolerated. A line must be drawn to prevent similar attacks. Someone must take a stand. Officialdom should cry out. Only if they hear the deafening din of an outraged public.

**MIAMI, FL:** Talk about shocking and sordid affairs. The mysterious "burning" of Mr. Florida's eye during a match against Super Destroyer smelled rotten. Real rotten. Like last Wednesday's tuna fish sandwich. Results of a special investigation appear in this month's issue of *INSIDE WRESTLING*. Since they let me work here, for the small paycheck (hint, hint), I obtained a copy of the report. Sadly, insufficient evidence exists to support an outright banning of Sir Oliver Humperdink. Real fine for the courtroom. Won't disagree. All are equal before the law, even someone like Humperdink. But the public knows better. We know who burnt Mr. Florida's eye because we've seen similar tragedies. Course you can't ban Humperdink. Slap the bum on the wrists. Wait until he burns out two eyes. Or mutilates a career, leaves some crippled hulk dribbling in a wheelchair. No proof, huh? Isn't it sad how democratic institutions save the diseased parts of the wrestling body as well as the healthy limbs. Maybe there'd be no wrestling if life were otherwise.



**MR. FLORIDA**

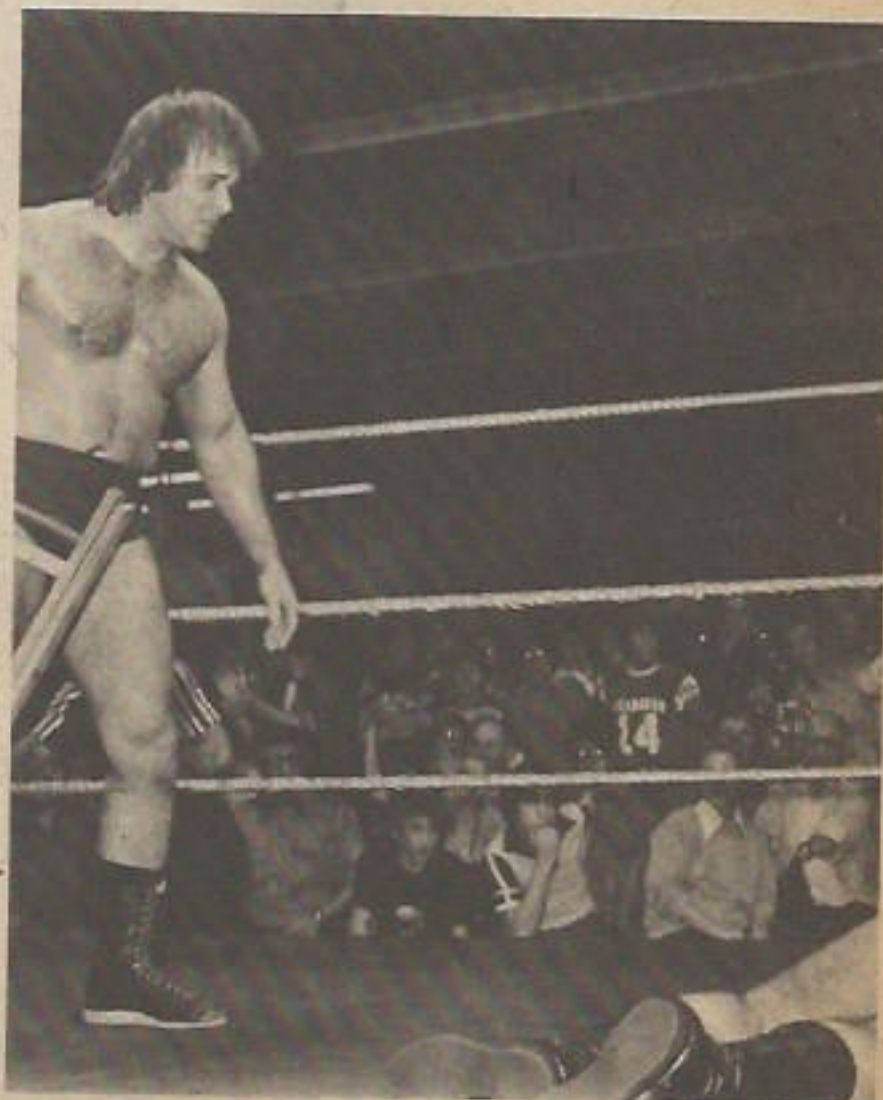


Harder than nails, veteran wrestling reporter Matt Brock has logged more miles covering wrestling than any other journalist. Every month Matt will travel to the sport's hotbeds, reporting everything he sees without fear or favor



### VALENTINE & STEVENS

**RICHMOND, VA:** Feel a lot better. Hate maudlin moods. Sit around a motel room, flipping channels and watching ice melt on your pants. Terrible. Ran into an old college buddy and painted the town amber. Only way to do a story like this, hovering on last night's side of nausea. Good news, though everyone already knows. Greg Valentine and Ray Stevens are no longer NWA tag team champs. Once again, Rick Steamboat and Jay Youngblood wear the belts. Asked both kids if they ever suffered self-doubts after losing the title. Steamboat vigorously shook his head. So did Youngblood. Then they exchanged the knowing look close friends have and broke up laughing. Both confessed some worries, not based on their abilities, but on what extent Valentine and Stevens might go to keep

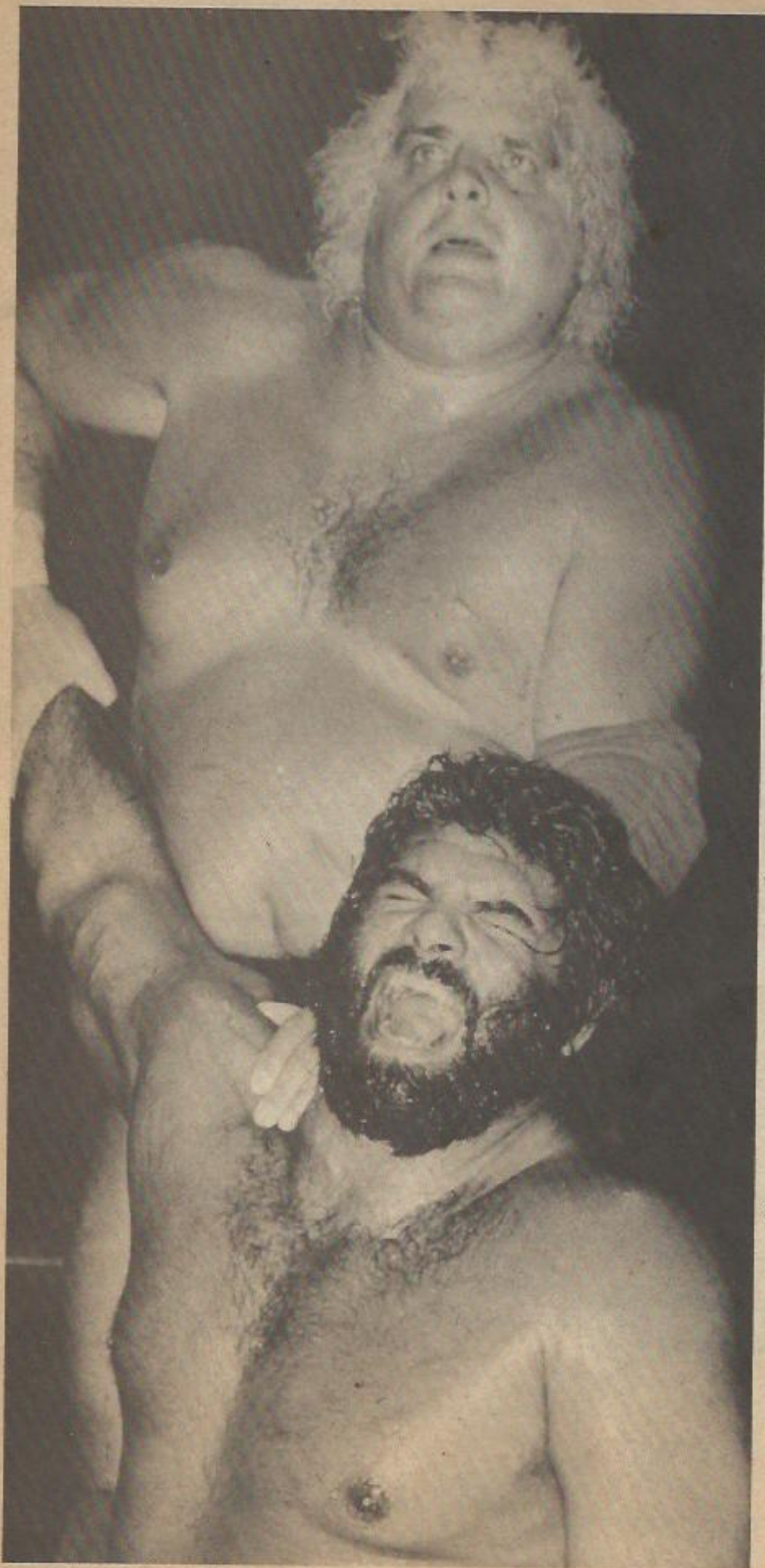


### ZBYSZKO VS. SAMMARTINO

the title. What if they lost the belts and refused to surrender them? Such thoughts ran through them, according to Steamboat. Yet neither ever lost faith in their ultimate ability to return to the top. See, sometimes there are happy endings.

**NEW YORK, NY:** Think Bob Backlund made a mistake giving Larry Zbyszko a title shot? I do. Forget the bloody steel cage matches and sadistic foes and mental pressures and physical exhaustion Backlund's endured these past two years. This will be his toughest match. After years of laboring in frustrating obscurity, Zbyszko's considerable skills are recognized. He can match Backlund in many areas. However, as much as Backlund wants to keep his belt, that is how hard Zbyszko suffered for this moment of glory. Watch it, Bobby. □





Dusty Rhodes acknowledges the cheers of the crowd as he applies an armlock to Don Muraco, but he is no longer guided by those cheers. The NWA title is foremost in his mind.

## WILL THE FANS HATE THE NEW DUSTY RHODES?

**T**HE SUN SEEMED intent on burning a hole in the earth. Cactus never looked so dry. What little breeze there was slapped sand across the prairie. Dusty Rhodes walked slowly in no set direction.

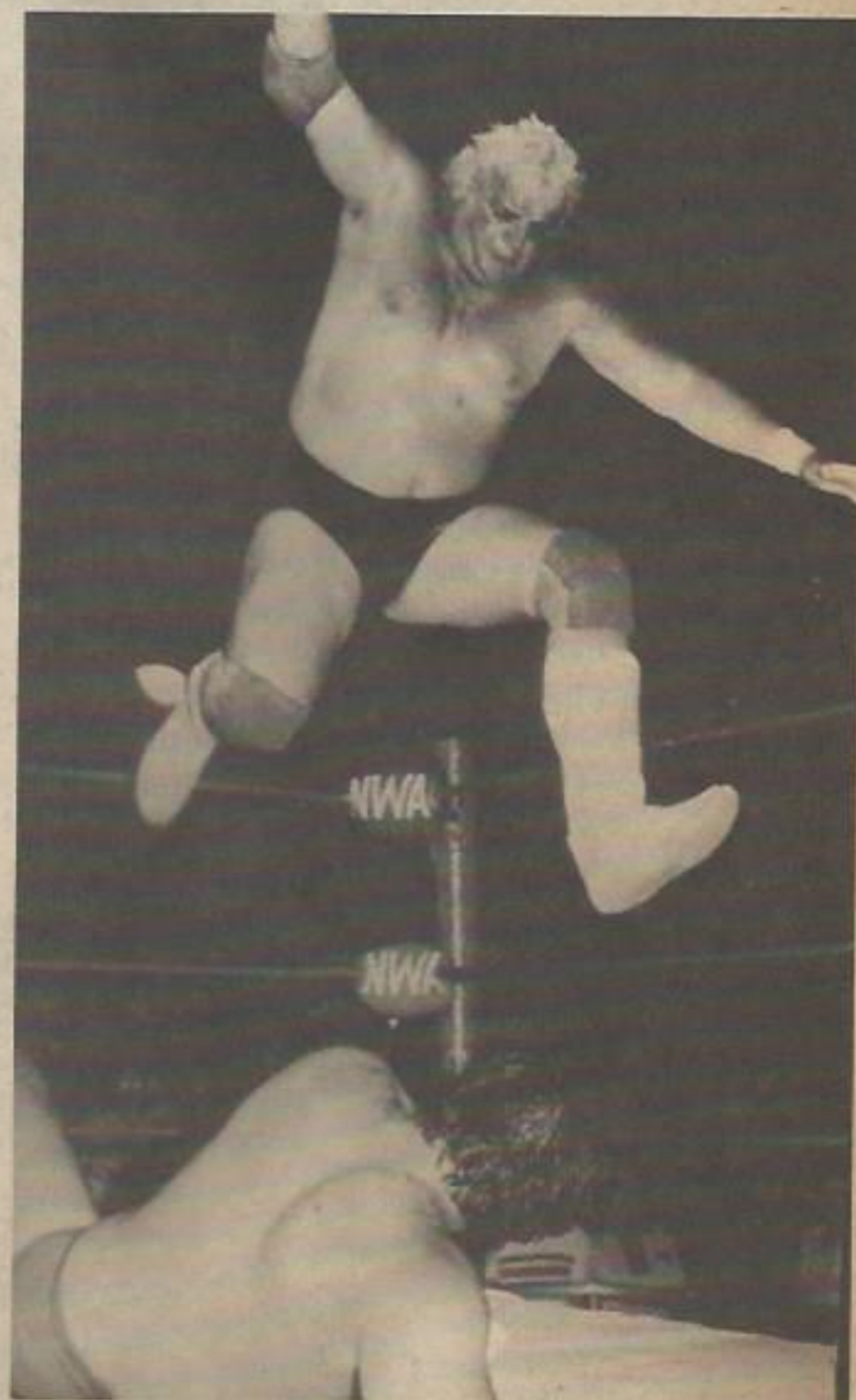
In this desolate stretch of land, Dusty Rhodes had come to think. It's one of the few places on earth where he could be alone. The pressures of wrestling stardom were of another world. Yet, it was this other world that lay heavy on his mind.

Everyone says he's the most popular wrestler in the world. Fans travel hundreds of miles just to watch him wrestle. His success against top opponents is fantastic. For a short time recently, he was even NWA champion. He had a career most other men don't even dare dream about.

A prairie dog stuck his head out of a hole and stared at the lone human. Rhodes stared back, the first smile of the day on his face. Bored by the exchange, the prairie dog ducked back in his hole. Rhodes resumed walking.



**How will fans react to this Dusty Rhodes? Years of fan support, based on Rhodes' well-intentioned brawling and public acceptance of such tactics, created as strong a wrestler-fan bond as exists in the sport. However, can that relationship survive Rhodes' startling evolution?**



In a characteristic maneuver, Dusty Rhodes throws an elbowsmash at Muraco (above left). A little more unusual is the sight of Rhodes leaping upon his foe from the top turnbuckle (above right).

A few steps further, Rhodes bent down and picked up some dirt. Dry, granular, it slipped quickly through his fingers. Rhodes shook his head slowly.

"Fame is like the earth of the prairie," a great writer once said, "swirling, mindless, able to grow nothing, and slips right through your fingers." Dusty recalled those lines and trembled.

In the last couple of years, Dusty took great pride in his accomplishments. His popularity made him feel important. When

he failed to win the NWA title, he convinced himself it didn't matter. He already had more success than he needed.

Then Dusty won the NWA belt and everything changed. Feeling the weight of it around his waist was like a drug he couldn't kick. More important than anything else, he needed to be champion.

Almost everyone knows why he lost the belt soon after winning it. Terry Funk broke his arm before the match against Harley Race. Race regained his

title and Rhodes became ex-champion.

Ex-champion wasn't good enough. The loss of the belt was the greatest tragedy in Rhodes' life. To get it back would take hard work. But it might take a reckless savagery that Rhodes knew could get ugly. The fans would despise it. Would they also despise him?

That's what brought Rhodes out to that desolate prairie. He had to make the decision of his life. Should he risk having the





Rhodes and referee Frenchy Bernard keep a close eye on Sir Oliver Humperdink at ringside. While Humperdink advises Muraco, Rhodes is advising all of wrestling that nothing will stand between him and the NWA title.

fans turn against him? There was no crime in not being champion. Then he closed his eyes and imagined the feel of the belt. Fame slips through your fingers, but being champion is immortality.

Rhodes walked quickly back to his car. Without stopping,

except for gas and coffee, he drove back to Miami. His mind was made up.

The next day, Rhodes called a press conference. He had something he had to say.

"There's something I must tell the fans," Rhodes began, nervous but determined,

"because I owe them the truth. I'm determined to win back the NWA belt. I'll do anything necessary. I mean anything.

"Some of the things I'll do, the fans may not like. I regret this. The fans mean more to me than anything else—except the NWA title. I realize that means the most.

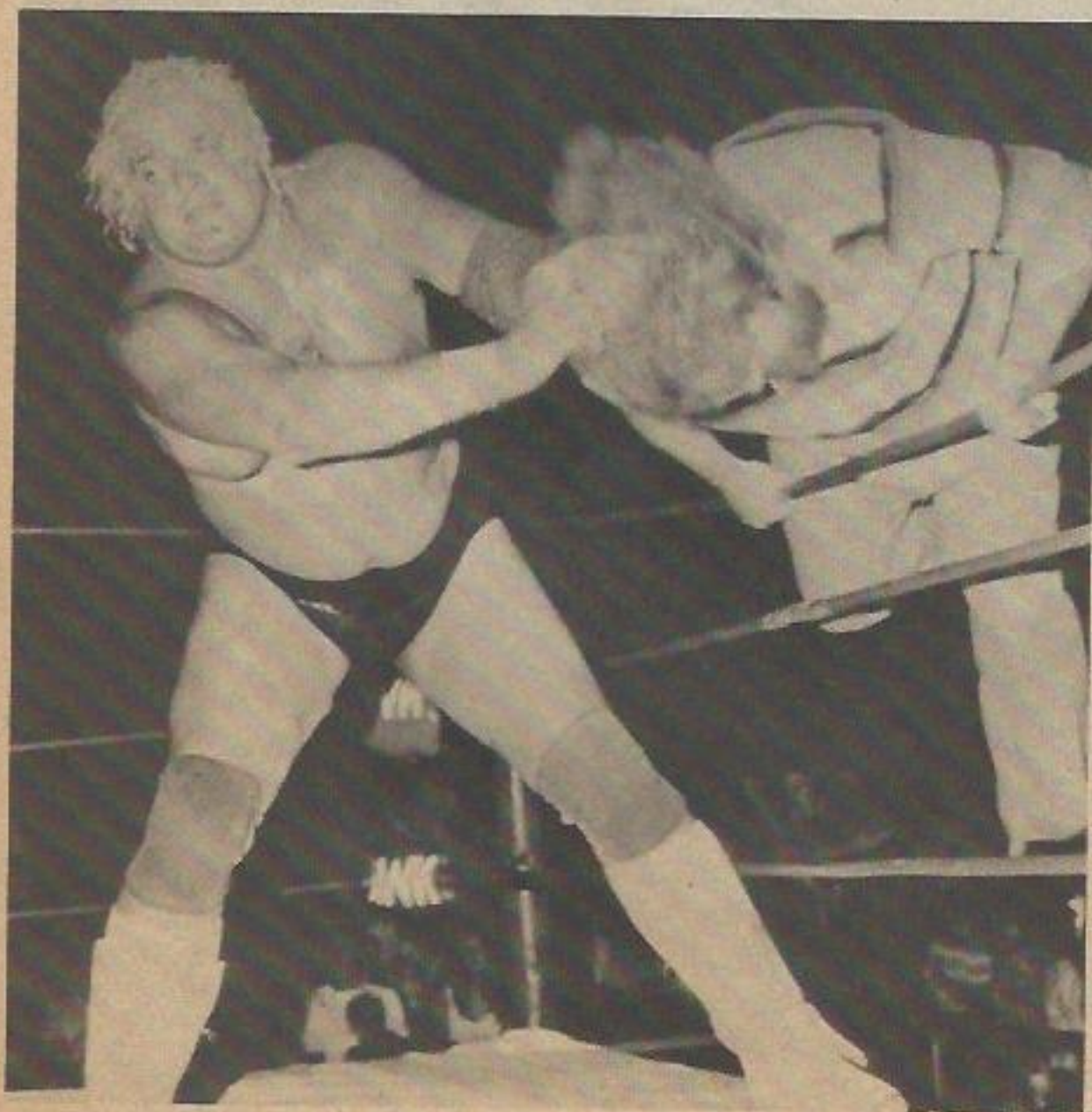
"I'm hear to ask the fans to understand what I'll be doing. Whether they can or not is up to them. I'll do everything in my power to remain within the rules. However, if it comes to choosing between legalities and winning the title, I'll go for the title.

"The next few months will see me wrestling tough and ugly. People are going to get hurt. Hell, I could wind up on a stretcher. But these are risks I've got to take.

"The most important thing for me is to win the title and keep it for several years. If that means losing the fans I love, that's a price I'll have to pay.

"I want the fans to know why I'm doing this. When I win the title, I pray they'll still be proud of me. I want them to still love me. I can't find the words to say how important that is to me.

"It's not the most important thing, though. The NWA title is the most important thing!" □



Humperdink's ascent on the ring is aided by Rhodes. Dusty will no longer tolerate such actions.



# THE INSIDER

By STEVEN FARHOOD

## SCOOP OF THE MONTH

Captain Louis Albano has admitted that he attends weekly sessions with a New York City psychiatrist!

While wrestling observers have questioned Albano's mental condition for several years, few thought he would ever admit to playing with much less than a full deck.

a little mental and emotional release. But no, I'm not crazy, nor have I ever been. Geniuses are always called crazy. I'm suffering from the same syndrome all great thinkers suffer through; ask Galileo, ask DaVinci, ask Einstein. They weren't crazy, I'm not crazy.

Dr. Harold Witherspoon is Albano's psychiatrist. A noted midtown Manhattan analyst, the doctor would not discuss

most interesting cases. That is all I will say."

Despite the doctor's insistence on privacy, ace photographer Bill Apter was able to locate the doctor's office and shoot a picture of Albano through the doctor's window.

"Lou was just kinda sitting there," Apter reports. "He had a peaceful face on. Like he was happy with the world. He looked like a big kid on Christmas Eve."

Would Albano discuss his psychiatric sessions with us? The Captain, as usual, was overflowing with exuberance.

"We talk about a lot of things," he said. "My childhood, my parents, my teenage years, my career as a wrestler, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. There's been so much I've been through, so many young people I've influenced. Dr. Witherspoon agrees after my treatment is complete, I should write a book.

"The doctor also speaks with me about the Samoans. He's fascinated by them. I'm not sure what he means, but he seems to think that they've had a profound influence on me."

Albano said that he once brought his superstar tag team with him to the psychiatrist, but Dr. Witherspoon doesn't want them back.

"Afa began to dance with the doctor's nurse," said Albano, "and Sika was pulling out the

(Continued on page 52)



Bill Apter took this exclusive photo of Captain Lou Albano in discussion with his psychiatrist. Perhaps they were discussing Lou's new (and improved?) appearance.

"Yes, I sit on a couch with a psychiatrist once a week," Albano said. "And yes, maybe I feel the pressure of being the best manager in pro wrestling. And yes, there may be room for

Albano's treatment with us.

"What is going on between Louis and I is our business and no one else's. All I will say is that Mr. Albano is an extremely complex man. He is one of my



# HOTSEAT

## HUSSEIN ARAB:

### "I FEAR NO MAN ALIVE!"

**F**EW WRESTLERS EXUDE the total arrogance of this new Mid-Atlantic Heavyweight champion. Also known as The Iron Sheik, his wrestling style borders on purposeful havoc, creating both physical and psychological problems for nearly every foe, though he insists none can match his strength and guile. Various stories circulate to explain his departures from the WWF. He has his own version of that tumultuous period and future sieges. He is Hussein Arab.

INTERVIEW CONDUCTED  
BY BILL APTER

- Q: Welcome, Hussein . . .  
A: You insult me?  
Q: Huh?  
A: You dare to speak before kneeling?  
Q: Oh, sir, I didn't know it would

insult you but in this country, a reporter never kneels before interviewing.

A: Swine. That explains the inferior quality of your inferior wrestlers.

Q: It does?

---

**“**Take Jim Brunzell, that pathetic hulk I demolished for the Mid-Atlantic title. He does not understand the concept of courage. No American wrestler understands.  
**”**

---

A: Your wrestlers have no grace, no dignity, no concept of the quality of wrestling life. All they can do is brawl. Pigs.

Q: You mean American wrestlers have no class?

A: None whatsoever. Take Jim Brunzell, that pathetic hulk I demolished for the Mid-Atlantic title. He does not understand the concept of courage. No American wrestler understands. Fearing my enormous courage is as close as they ever come.

Q: So other wrestlers are cowards?

A: Very good. For a moron you're intelligent.

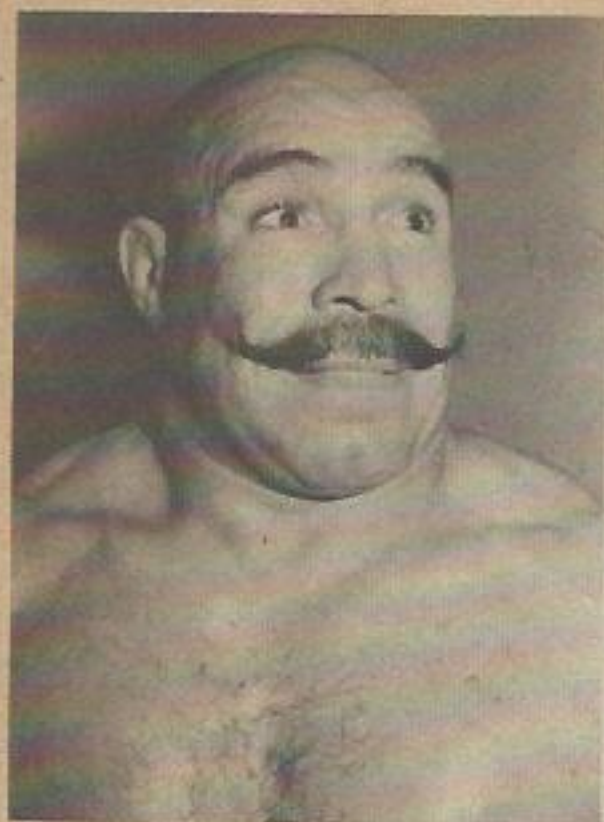
Q: Thank you.

A: Take Ivan Putski, the pig, the man I left a bleeding, shattered piece of raw Polish meat on the mat of some WWF arena. At the first sight of blood, he collapsed. After evading me for months, Putski fell apart. No guts. No class. No character. Putski is a pig.









“

**You cannot fear without respect. An enemy must be able to hurt you. No one can hurt Hussein Arab. That is simply impossible. If I cannot be hurt, I cannot fear.**

”

**Q:** Yet you voluntarily left the WWF. Why?

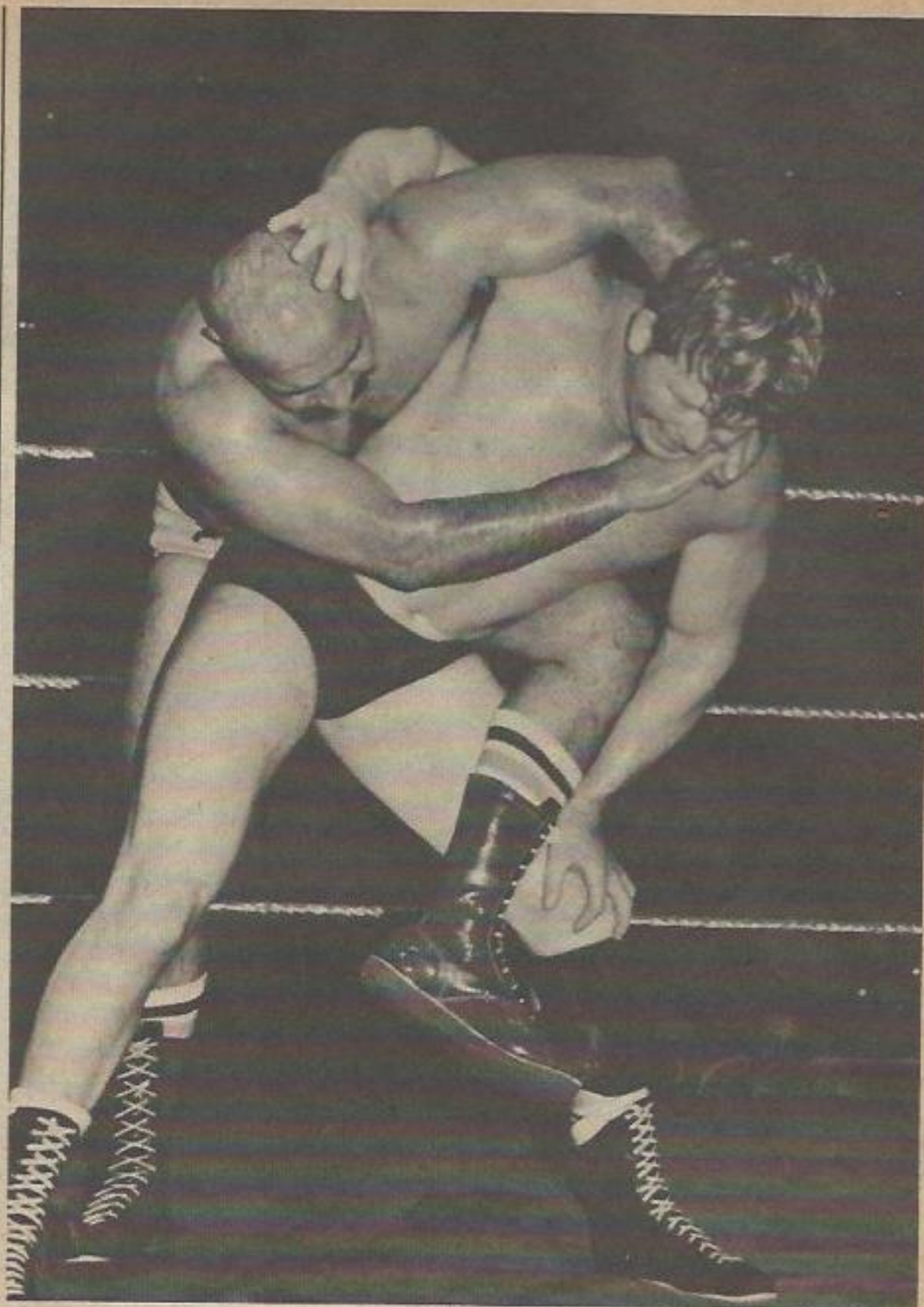
**A:** Who said voluntarily?

**Q:** Well, I thought . . .

**A:** I was blackmailed into leaving. No wrestler would face me. Backlund feared me. Bruno Sammartino feared me. Putski cowered at my feet. Should I stay to wrestle prelim bums like Pat Patterson? Never. I am great and require some competition.

**Q:** Have you found such competition in the Mid-Atlantic area?

**A:** Are you crazy? My opponents are basket cases by the time of the match. Merely thinking about me provokes utter terror. Before one match, Rick Steamboat fainted from fear and required oxygen. I offered to put him out of his misery with one blow, but he



Hussein Arab came very close to capturing the WWF title when he trapped Bob Backlund in an abdominal stretch. Arab arrived in the Mid-Atlantic with new goals.

refused, choosing to run around the ring for half an hour before I caught him and bent his body 18 different ways.

**Q:** Is there anyone in the Mid-Atlantic area you like or respect?

**A:** I fear no man alive!

**Q:** I asked about respect.

**A:** You cannot fear without respect. An enemy must be able to hurt you. No one can hurt Hussein Arab. That is simply impossible. If I cannot be hurt, I cannot fear. And what I cannot fear amuses me.

Humans amuse me. When I do not feel contempt, that is.

**Q:** How does it feel to be champion?

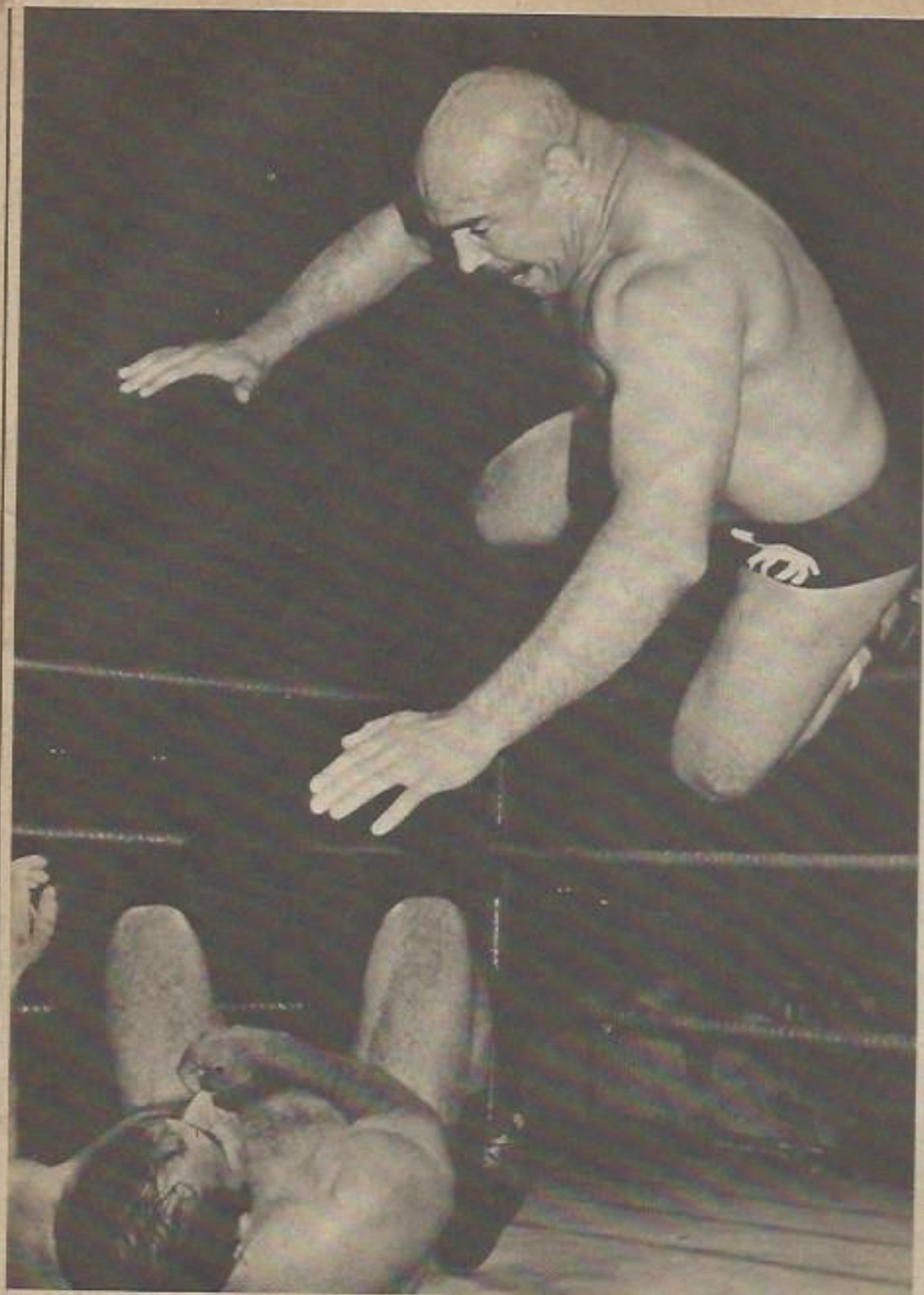
**A:** Not bad.

**A:** That's all?

**A:** This title is merely my just reward. Everyone knows I am a champion. Why should I worry about some little trinket making me a champion? Whether I wear the Mid-Atlantic title for years or throw it aside one night, Hussein Arab will always be champion.

**Q:** Do you care that fans despise





Hussein's opponent is powerless and unable to defend himself against a devastating flying kneedrop. Hussein's biggest problem since coming to America, he says, has been finding suitable competition.

you?

A: Not at all.

Q: Even a little?

A: Why should I care? Caring about the opinions of ignorant fleas who possess no concept of courage would be ridiculous if I didn't find it so insulting.

Q: What do you think of Rick Steamboat?

A: Shallow, little skill, no guts, very stupid.

Q: And his partner, Jay Youngblood?

A: The Indian (Laughs). Someone scalped his brain many

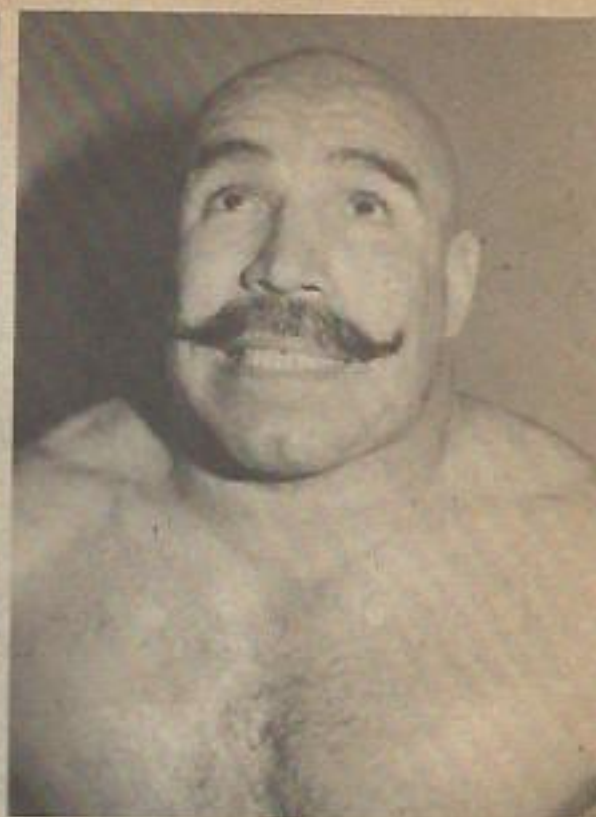
moons ago.

Q: Surely some wrestler impresses you?

A: Well, Jimmy Snuka isn't bad.

Q: Why?

A: Shows some ability and isn't worried about getting hit. So many wrestlers fear pain. Life needs pain for without pain there can never be joy. Imagine always living feeling a man's face crushed beneath your fists without ever knowing what it felt like to receive a blow. The one time a wrestler got through my defenses made me appreciate



“

So many wrestlers fear pain. Life needs pain for without pain there can never be joy.

”

the thousands of moments I walloped some dumb fool.

Q: What sort of achievements would please you?

A: I want to be tag team champion of the NWA.

Q: With whom?

A: No one.

Q: Excuse me?

A: No one. I need no partner.

Q: How could, uh, you do anything? You couldn't double-team an opponent.

A: I don't do that now, swinish porkface. Wrestling Steamboat and Youngblood by myself might be fair, though they'd get bloody and battered inside of 15 minutes. No one has ever been an individual tag team champion. That would be a remarkable challenge for me.

Q: Well, Hussein, thanks for stopping by. □



# INSIDE WRESTLING'S OFFICIAL RATINGS

These Ratings Are Compiled With The Assistance Of Top Wrestlers, Promoters,  
And Reporters. They Are Universally Accepted As Official

## World Wrestling Federation



Champion:  
BOB BACKLUND



1—LARRY ZBYSZKO

## American Wrestling Association

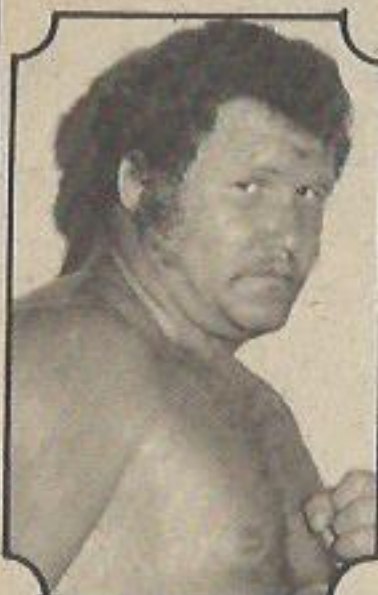


Champion:  
NICK BOCKWINKEL

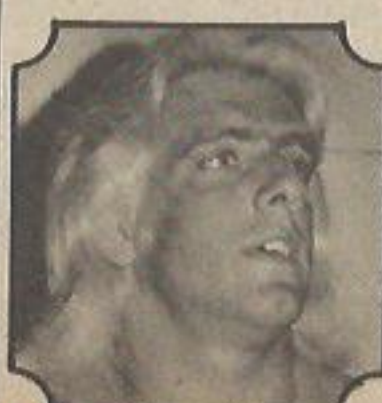


1—DINO BRAVO

## National Wrestling Alliance



Champion:  
HARLEY RACE



1—RIC FLAIR

## Most Popular Wrestlers



1—DUSTY RHODES



2—ANDRE THE GIANT

## Most Hated Wrestlers

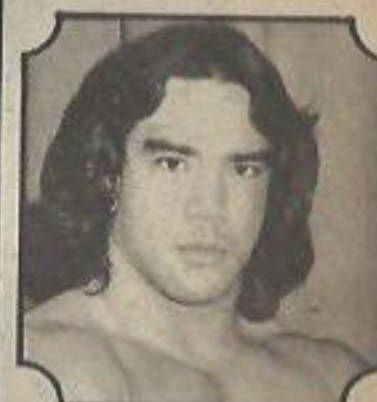


1—LARRY ZBYSZKO



2—TERRY FUNK

## Tag Teams



1—RICK STEAMBOAT  
& JAY YOUNGBLOOD





1—LARRY ZBYSZKO

1—DINO BRAVO

1—RIC FLAIR

2—ANDRE THE GIANT

2—TERRY FUNK



2—KEN PATERA



2—MAD DOG VACHON



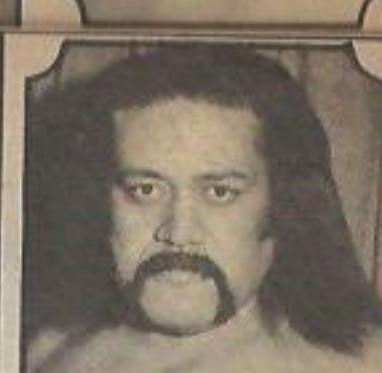
2—DUSTY RHODES



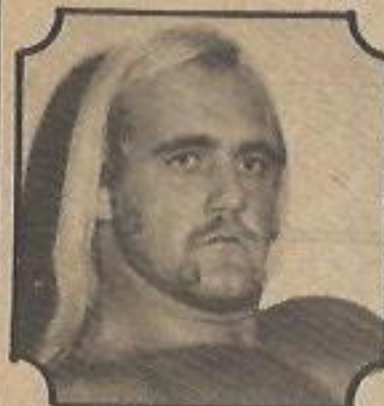
3—BRUNO  
SAMMARTINO



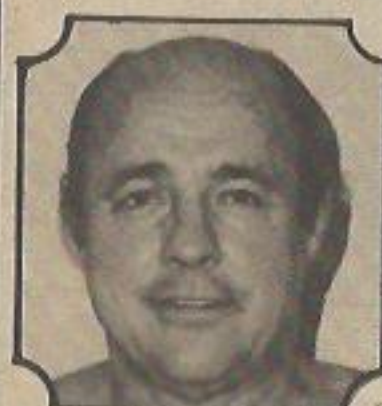
3—ERNE LADD



2—THE SAMOANS



3—HULK HOGAN



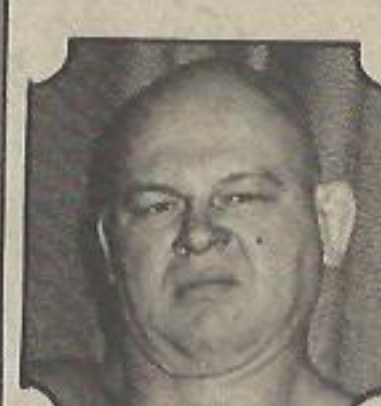
3—VERNE GAGNE



3—KEN PATERA



4—MR. WRESTLING II



4—BARON  
VON RASCHKE



4—PAT PATTERSON



4—CRUSHER



4—AUSTIN IDOL



5—BOB BACKLUND



5—KEN PATERA



3—VERNE GAGNE  
& MAD DOG VACHON

- 5—IVAN PUTSKI
- 6—TONY ATLAS
- 7—PEDRO MORALES
- 8—TOR KAMATA
- 9—AFA THE SAMOAN
- 10—BOBBY DUNCUM

- 5—GREG GAGNE
- 6—SUPER  
DESTROYER II
- 7—JIM VALIANT
- 8—ADRIAN ADONIS
- 9—JESSE VENTURA
- 10—STEVE  
OLSONOWSKI

- 5—HUSSEIN ARAB
- 6—TED DIBIASE
- 7—MR. WRESTLING II
- 8—TERRY FUNK
- 9—JACK BRISCO
- 10—KEVIN VON ERICH

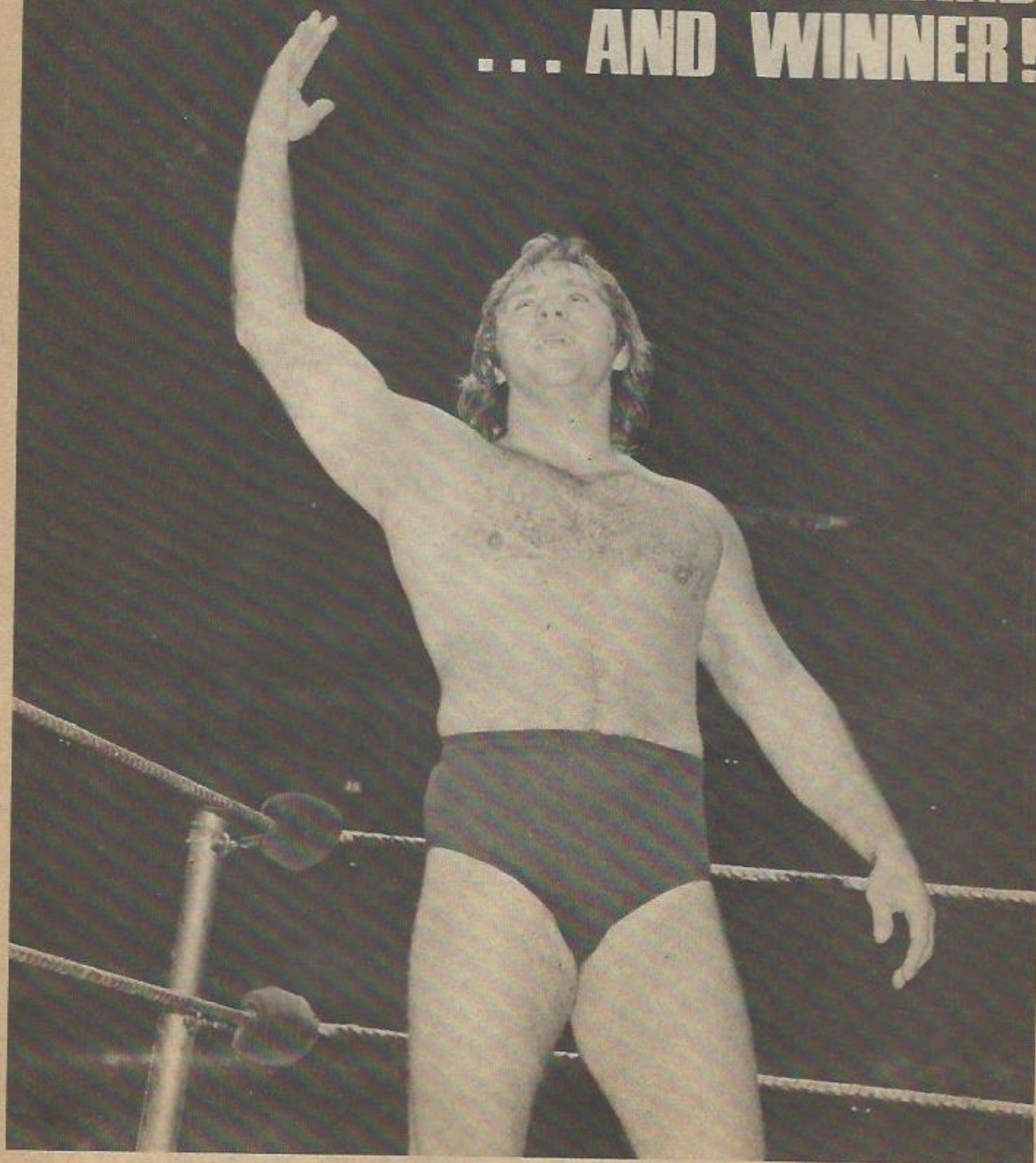
- 6—BUGSY McGRAW
- 7—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 8—MIL MASCARAS
- 9—IVAN PUTSKI
- 10—AUSTIN IDOL

- 6—HULK HOGAN
- 7—HARLEY RACE
- 8—NICK  
BOCKWINKEL
- 9—SUPER  
DESTROYER
- 10—EDDY MANSFIELD

- 4—IVAN KOLOFF &  
ALEXIS SMIRNOFF
- 5—BRYAN ST. JOHN  
& STANLEY LANE
- 6—MASKED  
SUPERSTARS
- 7—RAY STEVENS &  
GREG VALENTINE
- 8—MR. HITO & MR.  
SAKURADA
- 9—JESSE VENTURA  
& ADRIAN ADONIS
- 10—MANCHURIANS



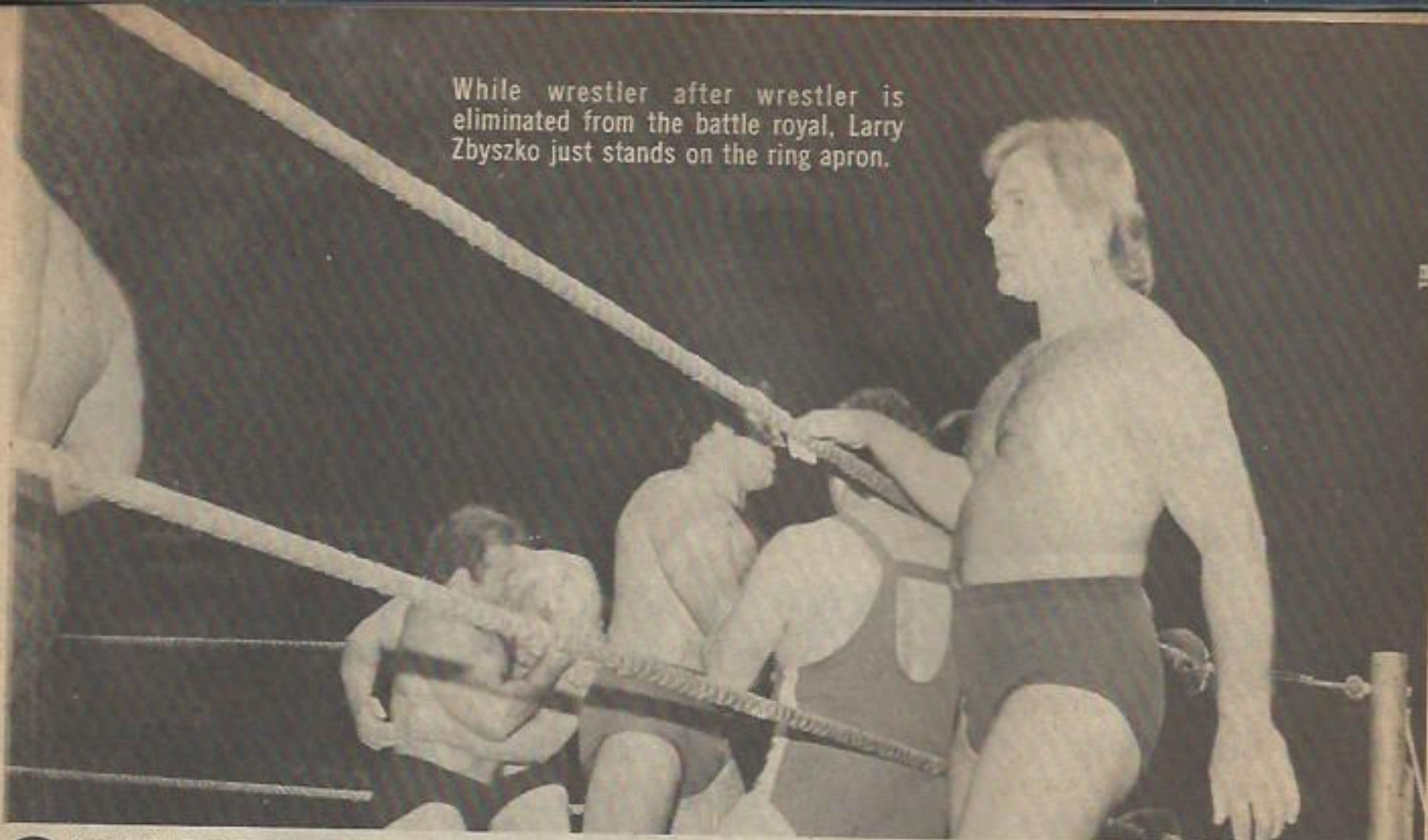
# LARRY ZBYSZKO — BATTLE ROYAL COWARD ... AND WINNER!



Entering a Battle Royal entails substantial risks, considering the quality of opponents and danger of a cheap shot. Larry Zbyszko weighed all the dangers and concluded the gamble worthwhile. By risking his neck, Zbyszko moved into a title shot against WWF champion Bob Backlund



While wrestler after wrestler is eliminated from the battle royal, Larry Zbyszko just stands on the ring apron.



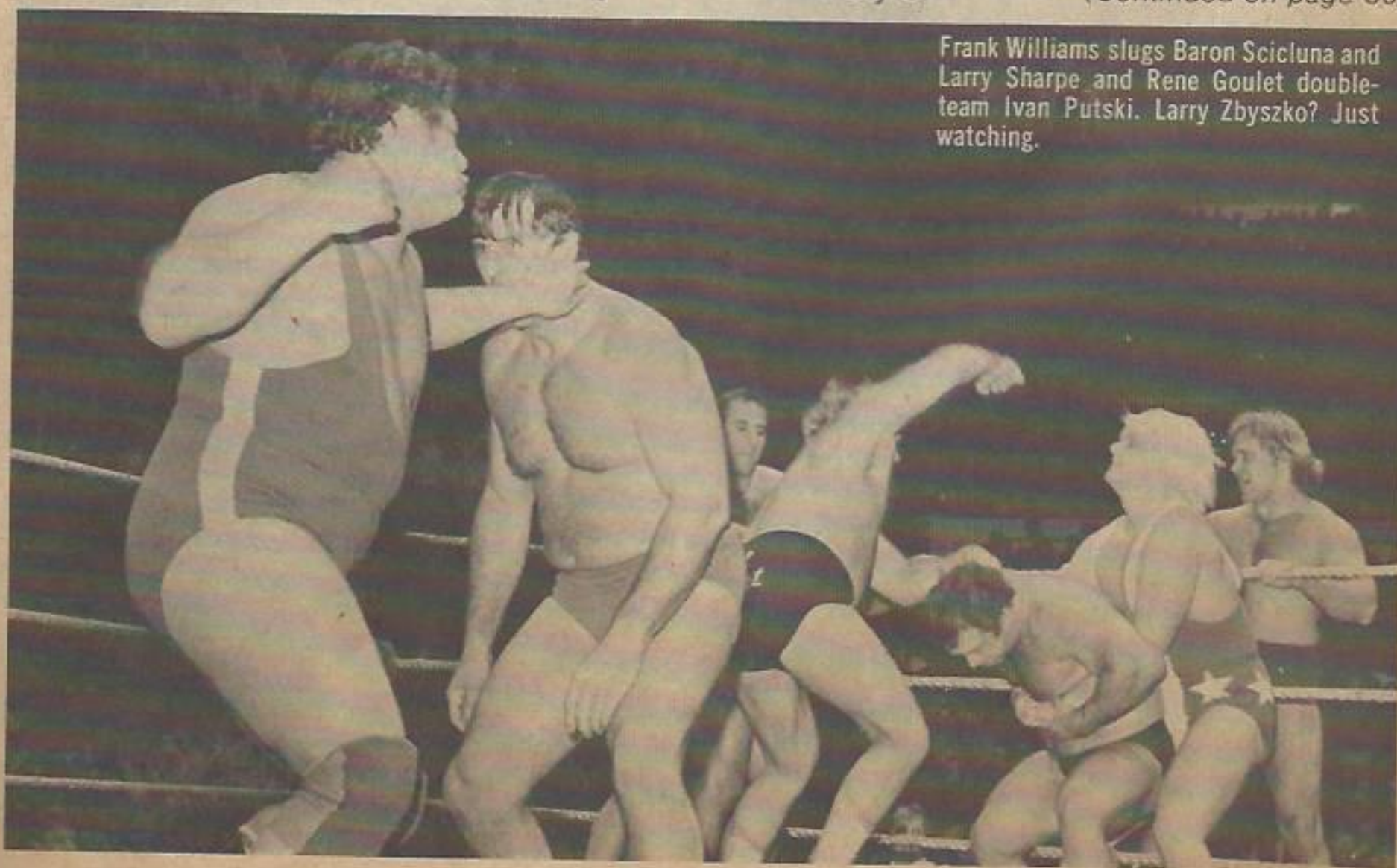
**O**NE HUGE ARM grabbed a head and squeezed, fingertips poking at the victim's eyes so the referee wouldn't see. An open palm closed as it slammed a forehead, sending the stunned wrestler backward into the ropes. A knee into the groin doubled up a gasping man.

Larry Zbyszko saw all three confrontations. In fact, Zbyszko

had a perfect viewpoint for all the action in the 16-man Battle Royal at Madison Square Garden. Though introduced as a participant, Zbyszko spent most of the night on the ring apron, occasionally slithering through the ropes, pounding someone or tossing a body over the top rope, then immediately climbing back to the safety of

the ring apron. The very purpose of a Battle Royal involved battling many men at once. More than raw talent enables a wrestler to win a Battle Royal. Courage and cunning are the two most important factors.

Zbyszko found a way to circumvent the rules of a Battle  
(Continued on page 50)



Frank Williams slugs Baron Scicluna and Larry Sharpe and Rene Goulet double-team Ivan Putski. Larry Zbyszko? Just watching.





# ERNIE LADD: "THE ONLY GOOD INDIAN IS A DEAD INDIAN"

By Ernie Ladd

**M**E AND INDIAN wrestlers don't get along. I can't be faulted. How would you like people rubbing their nose against your leg for pity and sympathy? I'm weary of their whining, pathetic appearance. Indian wrestlers are sad people. Most Indian wrestlers sit in the corner of a dressing room placing on their headdress and putting the feathers in their mouths.

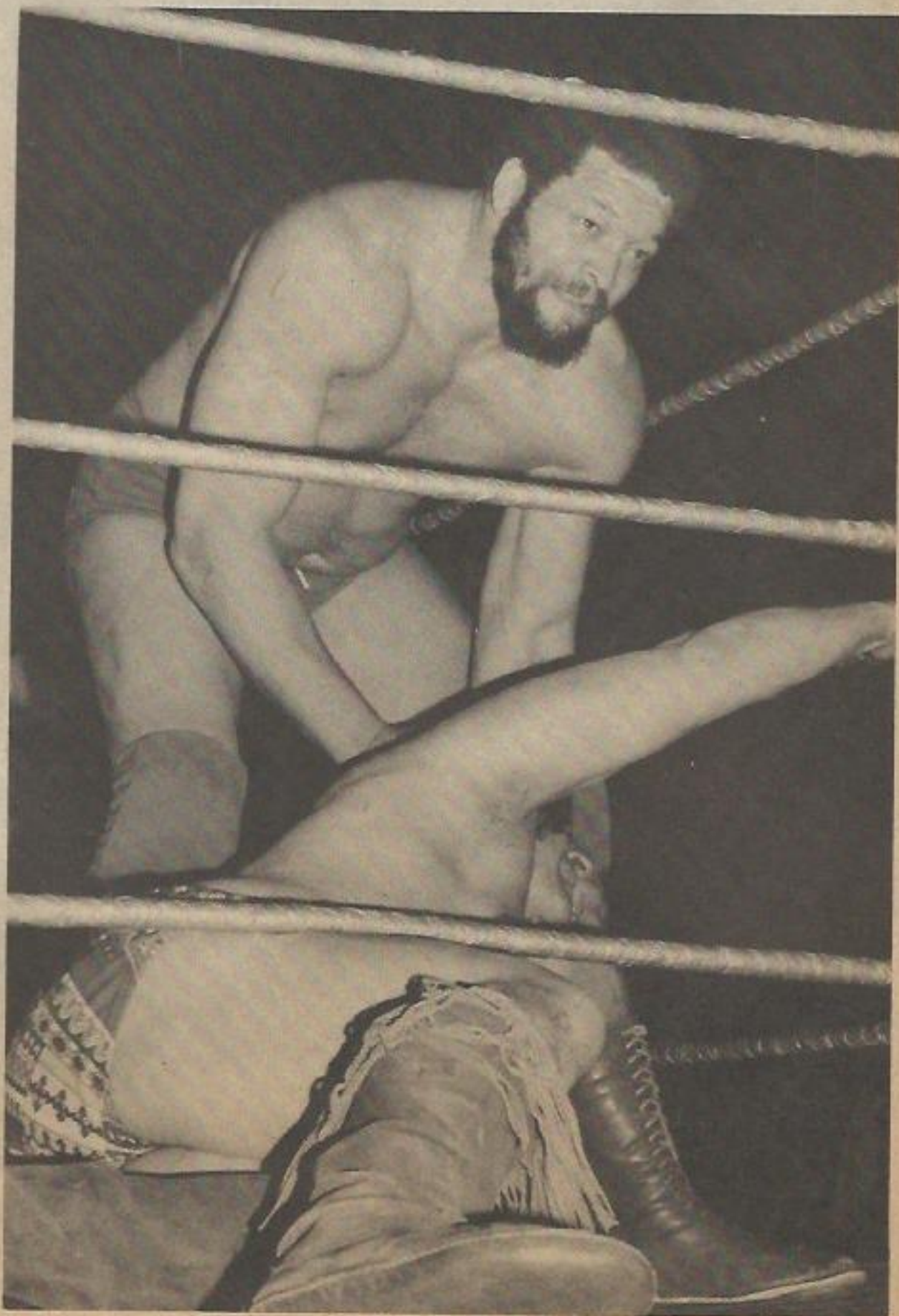
That's where I got the idea for shoving feathers in Strongbow's mouth. I didn't mean to be really insulting. I'd seen Wahoo McDaniel eat feathers. I've seen Jay Youngblood eat feathers. I heard Sitting Bull ate feathers.

I was curious why Indians ate feathers so I called an Indian historian. Poor fellow nearly fainted when he heard my voice and could barely get out the words. I granted him an audience. Eight minutes. Royal families from abroad receive 15 minutes. When the President came to my home to discuss the energy situation, I gave him 11 minutes. My time is precious.

This historian came into my royal suite. He shook so hard I thought his right ear would fall off.

Ernie Ladd glares at the fans as he works over Chief Jay Strongbow.

*(Continued on page 62)*

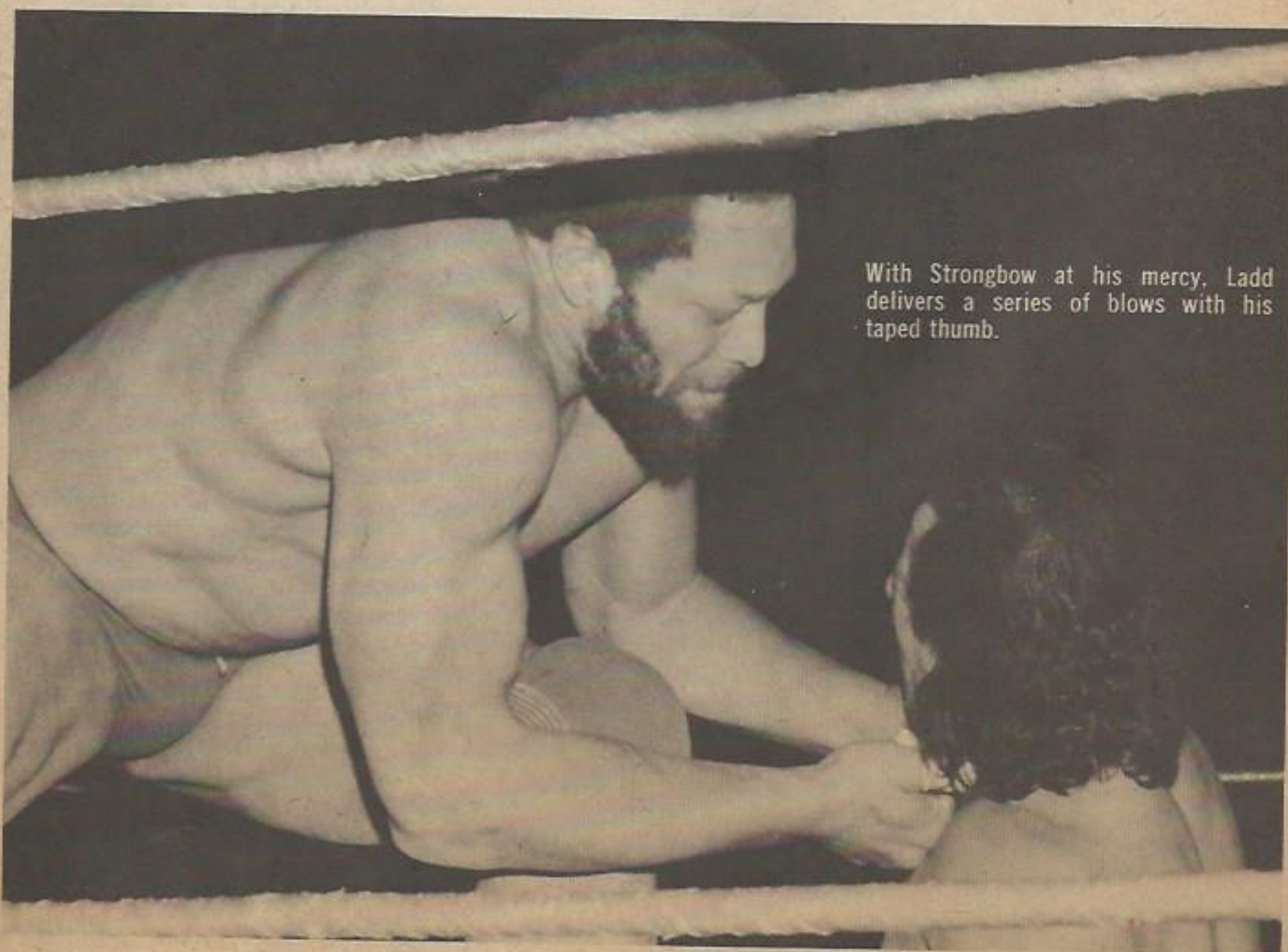






Strongbow displays a nasty bruise sustained in his match with Ladd. A lot more than the Chief's arm was bruised in that match. Strongbow faced the indignity of having his headdress stuffed into his mouth by Ladd.

**Vile epithets flow from Ernie Ladd's huge mouth like water cascading in a country stream. Water downstream from a polluting factory, that is. Now Ladd insults Chief Jay Strongbow. How long will the Chief allow this horrible bigotry to continue?**



With Strongbow at his mercy, Ladd delivers a series of blows with his taped thumb.



# NEWS FROM THE

If you would like your area of the country represented in these reports, while also being officially credited with your own by-line, send us reports of the matches you attend. You will have the thrill of seeing your name in an internationally known magazine while at the same time helping to improve the quality of wrestling in your area. So why not give it a try? You will be glad you did!

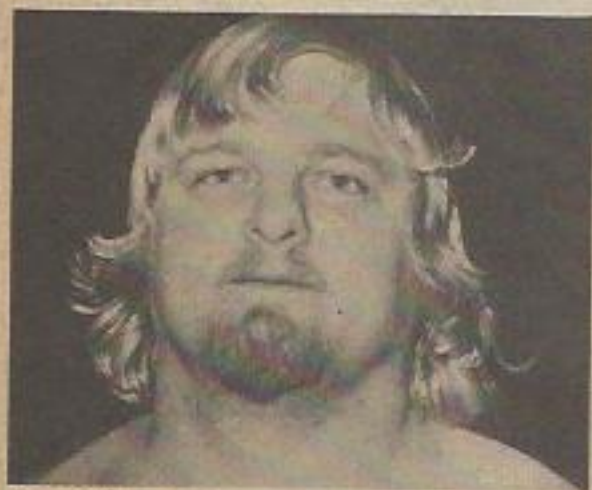
Send your reports to: Correspondent Editor, Box 48, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571

## NO. BERGEN, NJ

By Debby Mulkeen



**PAT PATTERSON**  
vs.  
**BOBBY DUNCUM**

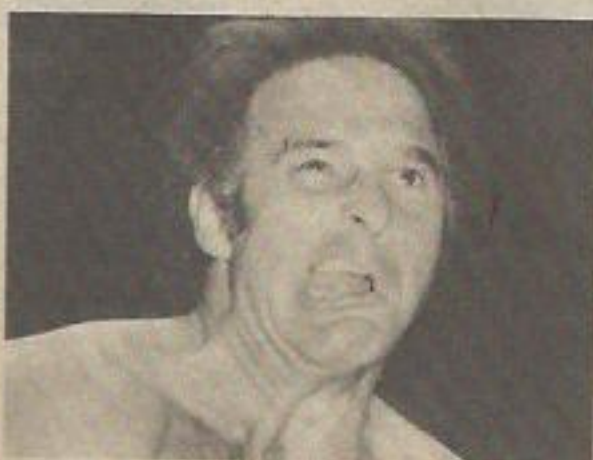


Scientific wrestling flew out of the ring after the initial few minutes. During the slugfest, Bobby Duncum picked up Pat Patterson and threw him over the ropes. Patterson landed with a sickening thud and lay inert for a couple of minutes. However, Patterson wasn't counted out because Duncum didn't return to the opposite corner. When action resumed within the ring, Duncum's wild punch missed Patterson and hit the referee, who awarded Patterson the decision.

**OTHER BOUTS:** Frank Savage beat Tony Altimore . . . Tor Kamata crushed Fred Marzino . . . Hulk Hogan toppled Rene Goulet . . . Jose Estrada bested Steve King.

## DALLAS, TX

By Shawn Hodges



**MARK LEWIN**  
vs.  
**GINO HERNANDEZ**



Simmering resentments erupted when Mark Lewin wrestled former manager and bitter rival Gary Hart's top grappler, Gino Hernandez. Lewin seized control from the beginning, prompting repeated interferences by Hart. That proved a minor problem for Lewin as he chased both Hernandez and Hart around the ring. Using his ferocious tomahawk chop, Lewin decked Hernandez for the win.

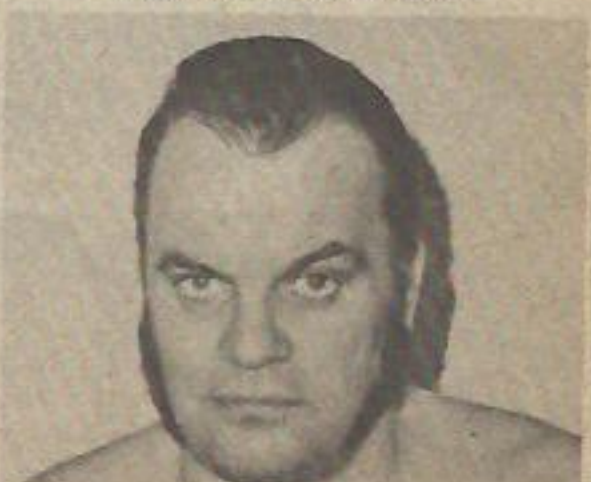
**OTHER BOUTS:** Bruiser Brodie topped Prof. Toru Tanaka . . . Gary Young stopped Bull Ramos . . . Jonathan Boyd defeated Ted Heath . . . Mr. Hito drew with Gary Young . . . Mr. Sakurada whipped Rick Oliver.

## SHREVEPORT, LA

By Doug Martin



**DUSTY RHODES**  
vs.  
**STAN STASIAK**



In the main event at the Hirsch Memorial Coliseum, Dusty Rhodes put his Southern heavyweight title on the line against Stan Stasiak. From the outset, Rhodes controlled the flow of the match, weaving in and out and flicking devastating blows. When Rhodes wore down Stasiak, Killer Kahn ran into the ring and hit Rhodes from behind, giving The American Dream a disqualification victory.

**OTHER BOUTS:** Buck Robly and Paul Orndorff won by disqualification over Ken Mantell and Killer Kahn . . . Junkyard Dog defeated Buddy Roberts . . . Terry Gordy and Michael Hayes, The Freebirds, drew with Wahoo McDaniel and Steven Little Bear.



# WRESTLING CAPITALS



## KINGSPORT, TE By Scott King



**BLACKJACK MULLIGAN  
vs.  
MASKED SUPERSTAR II**



In a wild bout, Blackjack Mulligan whipped Masked Superstar II before a shrieking capacity crowd. More than a mere victory or defeat was at issue in this match. These two wrestlers hate each other's guts! Bodies bounced off the ropes and mat like ping pong balls! Finally, Mulligan twisted Masked Superstar II's head around and nearly ripped his neck apart to win this great match.

**OTHER BOUTS:** Masked Superstar drew with Rufus R. Jones . . . Buzz Sawyer and Matt Horn beat Brute Bernard and Gene Louis.

## HAMMOND, IN By Mark Gallo



**'BRUISER  
vs.  
BRUISER BRODIE**

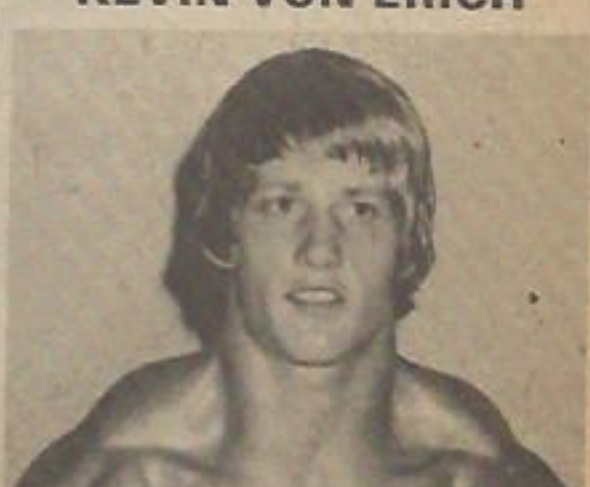


The two Bruisers, Dick the Bruiser and Bruiser Brodie, battered and pummeled each other around the ring and arena in one of the wildest matches in Indiana wrestling history. Moves never materialized, only punches and kicks. The match was too difficult for the referee to handle so he disqualified both men. **OTHER BOUTS:** Paul Christy wrestled Spike Huber to a 15-minute draw . . . Jerry Graham Jr. bested Jackie Ruffin.

## ST. LOUIS, MO. By Lisa Schorb



**KEN PATERA  
vs.  
KEVIN VON ERICH**



Former Missouri State champion Kevin Von Erich wrestled new Missouri State champion Ken Patera in the co-main event. Von Erich showed his brilliant maneuvers by capturing the first fall with a cross body scissors, delighting the huge crowd. Patera unwrapped some of his sadistic maneuvers and, using the swinging neckbreaker, won the second fall. The decisive third fall proved to be a ferocious, yet brilliant maneuver. Patera disdained any rulebreaking and concentrated on pure scientific maneuvers. Patera cradled Von Erich to win the match.

**OTHER MATCH:** Dick Murdoch drew with King Kong Brodie . . .



# MIL MASCARAS SEEKS REVENGE FOR HIS BROTHER





**Family loyalties govern Mil Mascaras' life. Fame, prestige, money, and titles are nice, but all would be unthinkingly surrendered to protect a member of his family. Imagine Mil's icy rage when he learned of a shocking assault on his brother. Imagine Mil's devastating revenge**

**E**VERYONE IN THE room unconsciously took a step back. The rage surging through Mil Mascaras was a fearsome thing to behold.

"The honor of my family is at stake!" Mil spat through clenched teeth. "He might have permanently crippled my brother! Two hundred years ago, I would kill him in a duel. Today, I shall humiliate him in the ring!"

Immediately, Mil called a promoter and demanded a match against Gino Hernandez. The promoter was happy to oblige. He too felt Hernandez should be punished. "Hell," said the promoter, "the bum should be jailed!"

Everyone in wrestling was shocked at Gino Hernandez's match against Mil's brother, El Sicodelico. it was one of the dirtiest, most savage matches ever. Hernandez used every dirty trick in the book and then made up some new ones. El Sicodelico was overwhelmed by the onslaught. Only the victim's superb physical condition saved him from being perilously injured.

There isn't enough room to catalogue the many savage maneuvers used by Hernandez in that infamous massacre. Films of the match show numerous violations using the most ruthless cunning. The referee never had a chance to see the rulebreaking; Hernandez

El Sicodelico was so weakened by Gino Hernandez's attack, he was very nearly unmasked (right). Sicodelico and Mil Mascaras (opposite left) form one of the best brother combinations in the sport.







Hernandez takes pleasure in inflicting punishment on his opponents. Only this opponent has a brother who is one of the greatest wrestlers alive. Mil Mascaras wants revenge for the beating El Sicodelico took.

was too clever for that. No one can deny it was an awesome exhibition of wrestling brutality. It was also a disgrace to humanity.

When Mascaras first heard about the match, he was enraged. He didn't stop being angry even after a few days when he made the telephone call. If possible, he was even angrier two days later.

"We can't find Hernandez," the promoter told him. "He doesn't answer his phone. We think someone told him about the challenge."

"When is his next wrestling date?" Mil asked.

"Three days."

"I'll be there."

Three days later, Mil was on a plane. Though many of his fans were also on the plane, no one asked for an autograph. The man looked too angry to be approached. In this case, looks didn't lie.

That night, Hernandez came to the arena only three minutes before he was scheduled to wrestle. He talked to no one. He rushed to the ring before he was announced. It certainly looked like he was running from someone.

The crowd was stunned when moments later Mil Mascaras

rushed into the arena. Hernandez made sure there was plenty of distance between himself and Mascaras. Mil didn't go after the grappler. Instead, he grabbed the ring microphone.

"I want the world to know," he proclaimed, "that Gino Hernandez is formally challenged to meet me. If he fails to wrestle me in one month, let the fans brand him a coward."

Hernandez quickly responded, "Why isn't this trespasser being thrown out?"

The crowd laughed. No one had to tell Hernandez they were laughing at him.

"I'll wrestle you," Hernandez replied, "but I can't for two months. My schedule is too full."

Mil held up a fistful of envelopes.

"In my hand," he announced, "I have the written pledge of all your opponents for the next two months to release you from your contracts. You can wrestle me at any time."

Hernandez looked at the crowd. He could see on their faces that they thought him a coward. If he didn't accept Mil's offer, he'd be driven from the sport. Then he looked at Mil. The masked star's eyes burned with hatred. Hernandez knew Mascaras intended to humiliate him—if not break every bone in his body. Either way Hernandez looked at it, the choice was bad.

Gino turned to the crowd. "I'll wrestle the masked moron as soon as possible. No one threatens me and gets away with it. I'll destroy him like I destroyed his bum brother. The entire family will fall to the one and only Gino Hernandez!"

Mil didn't say another word. He simply walked from the arena. His work was only beginning. In the near future, he would avenge his brother's agony and his family's honor.

He must get ready. □



# INSIDE WRESTLING

49

## capsule profile

JIM VALIANT



Above: The "King of Memphis" and his court. Valiant and his friends crowd around Jimmy's three-wheeled motorcycle. Below: Every hair on Valiant's beard must be in place before he will leave his house. Some call him vain.

**E**XUDES A CERTAIN majestic presence inside and outside the ring (*"I am royalty, man, no reason to think otherwise. That's why I'm the King of Memphis"*)... In particular, female fans adore him (*"Naturally, Jackson. You got looks like this and you need a big stick to keep them away"*)... His wrestling style defies categorization (*"Lookit, man, some dudes are real slow or real fast or just plain dumb, dig, and you can slot them here and say they wrestle like this or that. Not me, turkey. I'm my own man 180 percent of the time"*)... Relies on an agile mind and powerful upper body (*"I train my mind so it snaps like a whip. And my body betters anything around on this planet, at least"*)... presently feuding with Jerry Lawler (*"That simp thinks he's somethin' special. Makes me laugh so hard I want to punch his face out"*)... For many years, teamed



with his two brothers (*"We talk all the time. Just had to get out on my own, that's all. We're real proud of each other. Hell, what are brothers for?"*)... Equally at home with a philosophy book or a six-pack of beer (*"Man, you*

*gotta have variety, dig my drift? Gotta be able to shuffle and move in all kinda circles or else you just vegetating, dig?"*)... Once, fans hated him (*"Hey, I don't change. I'm me, man, the best and toughest around"*). □



# WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Each day, out of the thousands of letters we receive, hundreds of them are from fans asking the whereabouts of their favorite wrestler. In this special column, we will try to answer the questions you ask the most!

## MARK LEWIN

Under the cunning leadership of The Great Mephisto, "Maniac" Mark Lewin races to the very top of the Georgia wrestling world. Always tough and shrewd, Lewin knows precisely what he wants out of life: a title. Nothing will stop him from the cherished goal. Nothing.



## JOHN VALIANT

"Luscious" John surfaced in Texas as an eager ally of Gino Hernandez. At the moment, Hernandez recruits all sorts of rulebreakers in his gory war against Texas fan favorites. Trying to devour the likes of Bruiser Brodie and the Von Erichs will keep Valiant busy.

## DON DIAMOND

Rising scientific wrestling star Don Diamond presently displays his considerable skills in Tennessee. Many mean-spirited veterans eagerly anticipated destroying Diamond. Many found their anticipation crushed atop their skulls. Right now Dutch Mantel and Diamond are waging a violent feud.

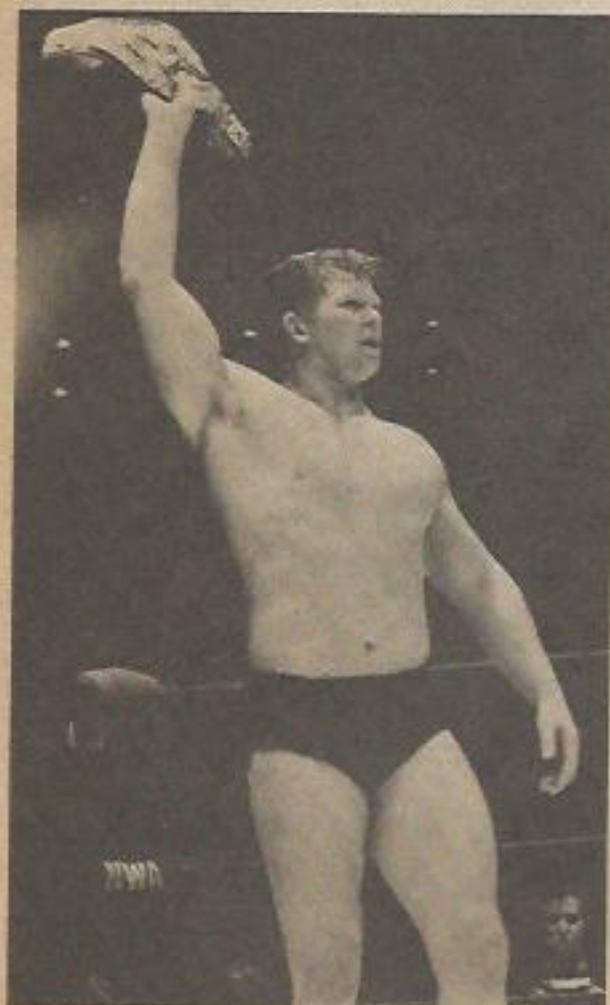


## KILLER KOWALSKI

Kowalski is a successful businessman. His Massachusetts wrestling school thrives. Kowalski acts as part parent, part friend, part teacher to the willing students determined to break into professional wrestling. □



# ONE ON ONE



*(Both hold prestigious world championship belts. Yet WWF champion Bob Backlund and NWA champion Harley Race represent polarities of life and wrestling. Different styles. Different attitudes. Different ambitions. In short, nothing in common save an unrelenting determination to be the very best in the world. Their ambitions may collide as preliminary negotiations explore a possible Backlund-Race bout. For the moment, they clash on One-on-One.)*



Picturephone photos courtesy of Bell Telephone.

**HARLEY RACE:**

Hello, number one contender.

**BOB BACKLUND:**

What?

**HR:** I said, hello, number one . . .

**BB:** I heard you. I'm champion.

**HR:** Of what?

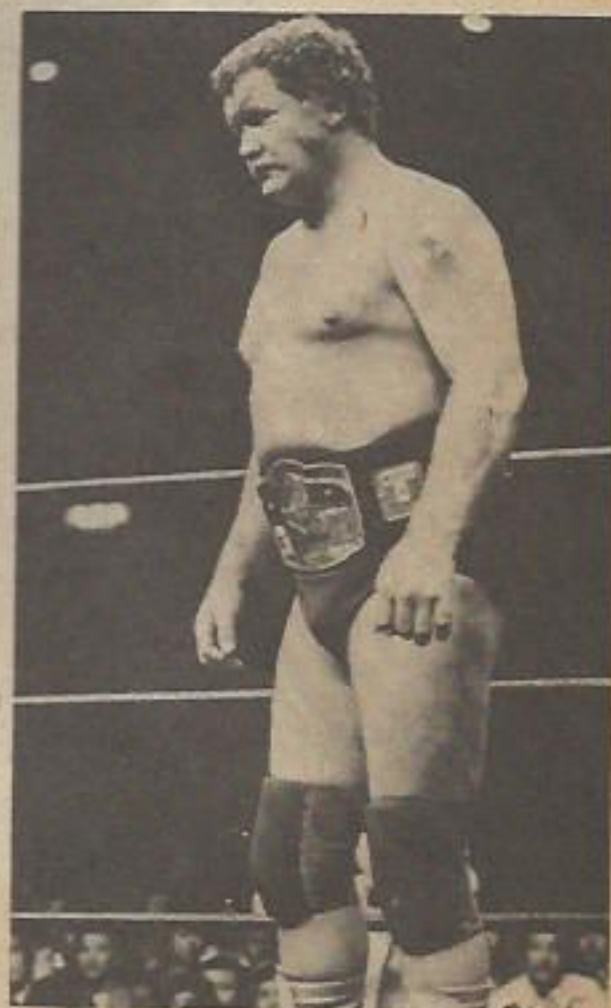
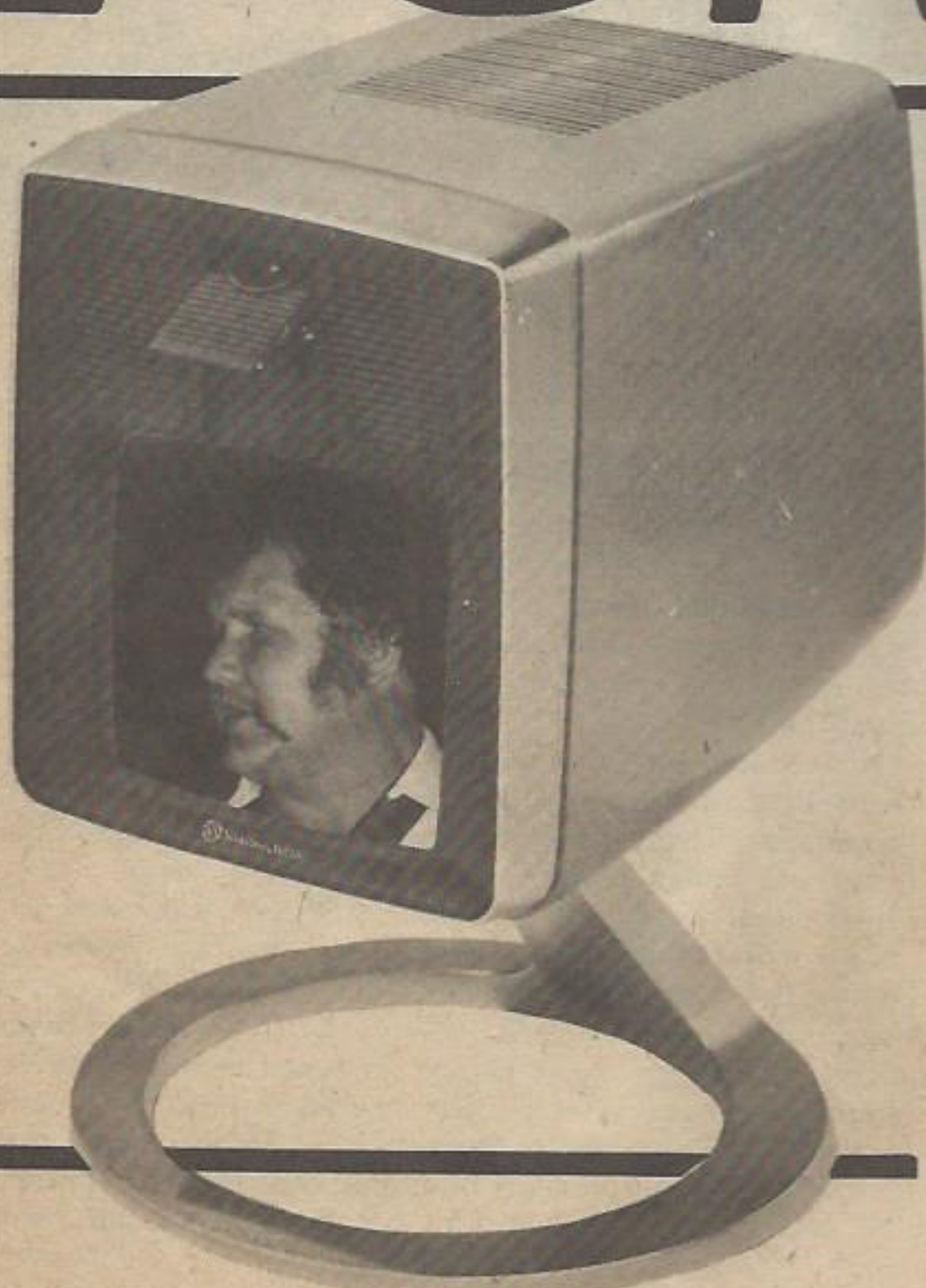
**BB:** The WWF. Sorry, forgot you can't read.

**HR:** Listen, punk, watch your

**Every month the telephone wires will crackle as two top grapplers rage and argue. We'll print the unedited transcript of their conversations, giving the fans a privileged glimpse at wrestlers which can be found nowhere else**



# ON ONE



**HR:** This a knock-knock joke, creep? I have held the title longest. I have whipped the toughest opponents. I don't run and hide like some sniveling punk at the first sign of trouble. I am a real man, a real champion and only talk to a whining punk like you out of pity.

**BB:** Wanna hear my version?

**HR:** You gonna sing?

**BB:** My version of you.

**HR:** Go on, I need a laugh.

**BB:** You move like cold molasses. Your maneuvers are real sad. Your strength his ebbing. I see opponents slip out of holds other men, like me, would crush them in. Yet you can't hold anyone down.

*(Continued on page 64)*

mouth.

**BB:** Yeah, I didn't think you'd hear me.

**HR:** Why?

**BB:** Dusty Rhodes told me you were going deaf and a little blind.

**HR:** You listen to that fat slob?

**BB:** You can't.

**HR:** Funny, funny, just like your matches.

**BB:** You criticizing me?

**HR:** Who else is on the line?

**BB:** Huh?

**HR:** (Sighs) Listen, punk. You got a lot to learn before you match wits or anything else with the undisputed world champion.

**BB:** (Sarcastic laughter) You're undisputed champion of what world?

**HR:** Earth.

**BB:** Earth who?





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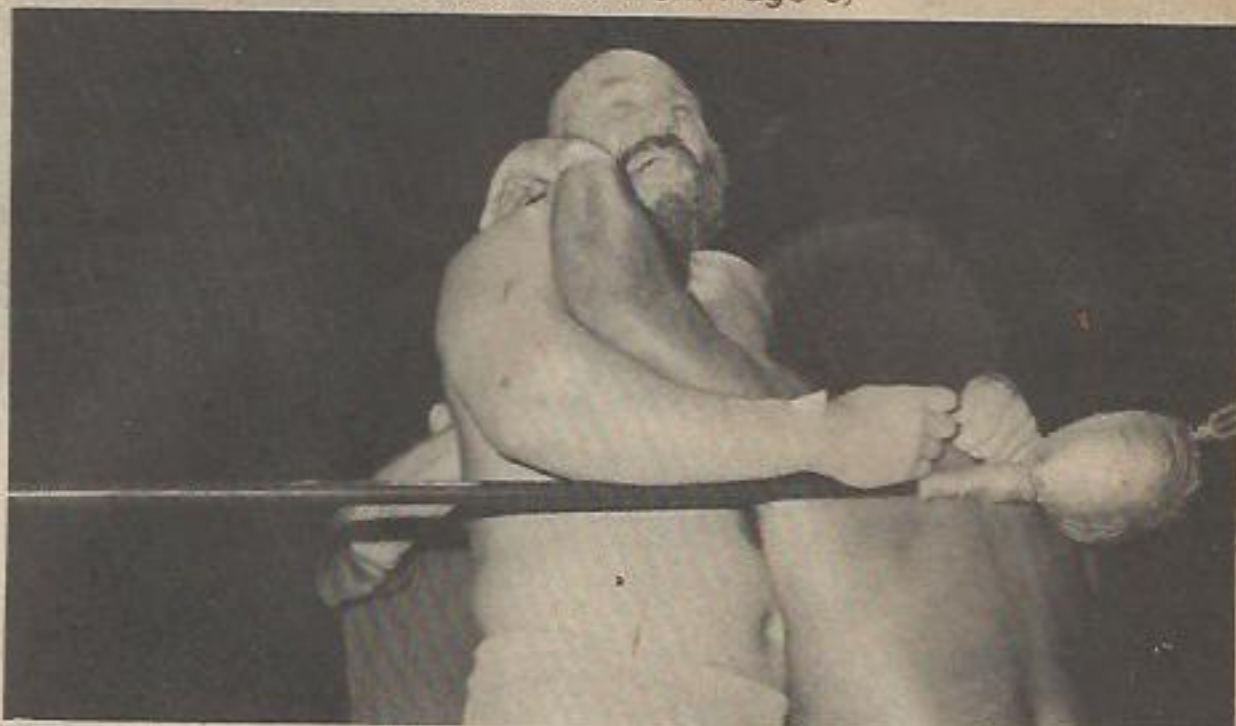
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# BEHIND THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 8)



Graham's relationship with the press may have changed but his ring actions have not.

rush into things. You have to bide your time, and let him think that he has the upperhand in the interview. Then, when the opportunity presents itself, ask your questions. Most of the reporters I know from Texas do not understand the psychology of journalism.

Hank Rudnitsky and I started together on the Dallas newspaper. Today he has two beats, the Dallas Cowboys and professional wrestling. I wired ahead to let him know I was coming down, and he met me at the airport. He had no idea why I was there. I never saw this guy laugh so hard as when I told him I was here to interview Graham. (Come to think of it, I think this was the first time I ever saw him laugh.) "Graham don't talk to nobody no more," he said in words that made me remember why seven sports editors quit the paper in the same year. "You go to New York and think you're some kinda hotshot reporter, huh? Well, I'll bet ya a steak dinner that you won't get within 100 feet of him."

I consider myself a pretty decent reporter, but I make my share of mistakes. I made a serious one in trying to interview

Graham, and it cost me not only a good story, but Billy's trust—and a steak dinner a well.

My first step was trying to interview Superstar in his dressing room. His guards stopped me outside his doors. I explained who I was and that Billy knew me. They said they would announce my arrival and that I should wait down the corridor. A minute or two later, one of the guards came over to me and said Graham did not wish to speak to anyone from the press.

My next step was to try to reach him by phone. A tape-recording said that he was not in, but to leave name and number at the tone and he would get back to the caller. I did so, but did not receive an answer that evening. I assumed that he got the message but chose not to call back.

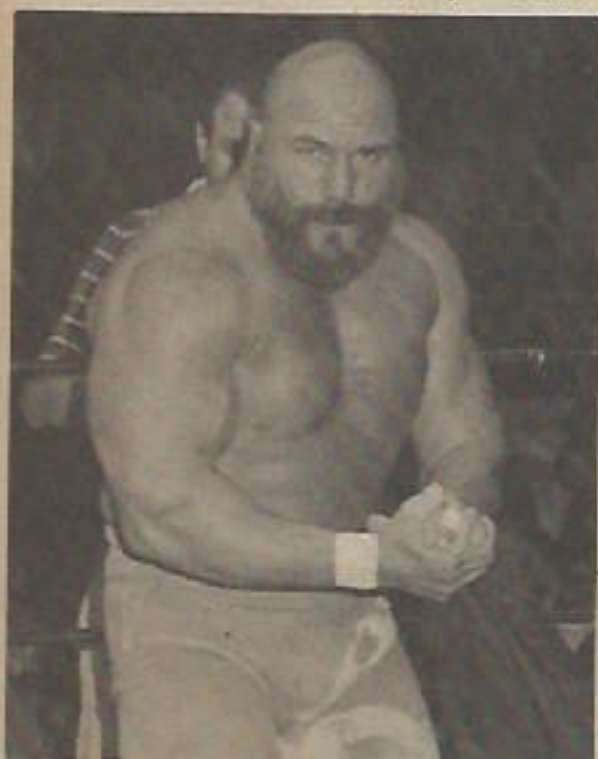
At that point I saw the value of all of Matt Brock's training. I went to everybody who knew Superstar in the area, wrestlers, promoters, select journalists, and questioned them extensively about how Graham has conducted himself in Texas, both as a wrestler and as a human being. I had some interesting material, but my story (and my bet) depended on my getting to Graham himself.



Everybody has his price, Matt once told me. And that included Superstar's guards. A little bribery cleared my path. I knocked on the door and Superstar's voice told me to enter. He looked at me in angered astonishment. "How did you get through my guards," he shouted.

"Let's just say I did," I replied. "Superstar, I'm here to . . ."

He cut me off abruptly. "Don't



Reporters have tried to question Graham about his new appearance with little success.

say a thing," he said. "I hear you've been sneakin' around tryin' to get people to talk about me. What is this, man? You got questions, you come to me, like always. This ain't the Watergate Hotel and you ain't Carl Bernstein. Just ask, that's all."

I tried to hide my embarrassment and quickly conduct the interview, but he wouldn't allow it. "Maybe some other time," he said.

If any of you are aspiring journalists, there is a lesson to be learned here. Let me list my mistakes: assuming that Graham had the same feeling for me as he did for the Texas press; assuming that the guards had told him of my arrival (they did not); not allowing him more than one night to return my call; and last, but not least, making a bet with Hank Rudnitsky. □

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## LARRY ZBYSZKO

(Continued from Page 35)



Royal. His method disturbed a great many people and raised profound moral questions for all wrestling.

Zbyszko's victory shocked many persons in and out of wrestling. Briefly, Zbyszko won by carefully selecting his attacks, sneaking in, punching, swinging, then leaving the ring.

Three men survived the brutal elimination process: Dominic DeNucci, Bobby Duncum, and

Zbyszko.

"I wasn't surprised about my competition," said Zbyszko.

Zbyszko and Duncum double-teamed DeNucci. Valiantly, Dominic beat them back, aided by Zbyszko's wary retreat.

"Why should I get my face crushed for nothing?" asked Zbyszko.

With only one foe to concentrate upon, DeNucci



Already eliminated, Putski helps Pat Patterson dump Peter Maivia out of the ring (left). Zbyszko joins the action to help Bob Duncum, Patterson, and DeNucci dispose of Gorilla Monsoon (above). Zbyszko's dropkick sends his last two opponents, DeNucci and Duncum, out of the ring (below).



pushed Duncum partly over the ropes. Duncum struggled and a brief stand-off developed. Enter Zbyszko.

"This was the opening I'd waited for," recalled Zbyszko, grinning.

A Zbyszko flying dropkick landed onto DeNucci's back, knocking both Dominic and Duncum over the top rope and giving Zbyszko the victory, a check for \$15,000 and a title shot against WWF champion Bob Backlund.

"I had this planned from the beginning," said Zbyszko. "I knew how to approach this Battle Royal. Why should I tire myself out? I'm too good for that. I stay on the apron and I chose the fight, not allow anyone else to decide for me.



"A man must be the master of his own destiny. I wouldn't allow a stupid pig like Ivan Putski to fight me. I'll fight him. When I'm good and ready. But I won, didn't I? Think I care who calls me what name? Doesn't matter to me. I'm through worrying about people's comments. I know who I am and what I must accomplish. Let them call me coward or immoral. I'm 15 grand richer and I'm gonna whip Backlund's butt for the WWF title. Then they could put aside all their names and focus on just one: me!"

Success. Victory. Championships. Top of the heap, number one ladder on the rung. No matter the methods, results matter? Or do they?

Wrestlers must remember their ultimate responsibility is to the public. Regardless of the wrestling style, every wrestler represents an important role model to one impressionable youngster.

Perhaps Larry Zbyszko should consider the persuasive effect his single-minded, selfish attitude has upon his fans. What if one child decides to by-pass rules simply to succeed? Is that what Larry Zbyszko wants? Is that what wrestling should be, a means to radically alter young minds and propel them toward duplicating the ruthless tactics of their heroes?

No, Zbyszko doesn't care. All that counts for him is triumph, the justification for years of embitterment and frustration. He's gone far beyond caring how he affects the young wrestling fans. Only Larry Zbyszko counts.

Until one day in his old age, Larry Zbyszko fights off a mugger and screams for help. And the young fan, now successful and well-dressed, walks by, late for an important business meeting.

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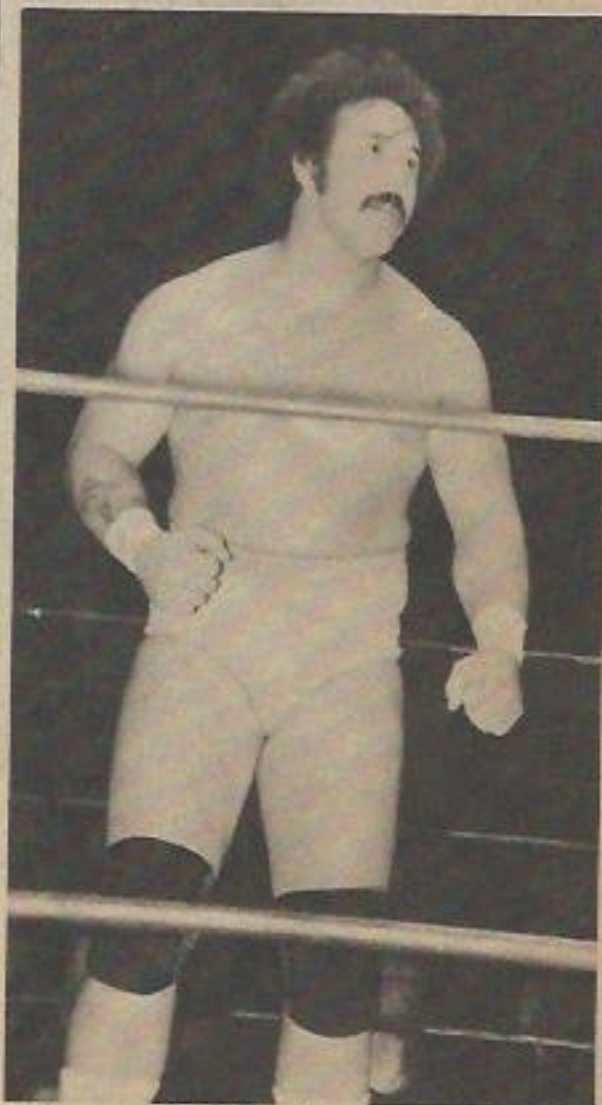
(Continued from Page 27)

pages of all the psychiatry books and making paper airplanes. Doc got pretty upset and threw them out.

### RUMOR VS. FACT

**RUMOR:** Florida favorite Manny Fernandez is really a fugitive from Nicaragua who was deeply involved with the recent Nicaraguan revolution.

**FACT:** Fernandez is Mexican, not Nicaraguan. "It's a silly story," Fernandez said. "Me, a



How would Mexican star Manny Fernandez have any connection with the Nicaraguan revolution? Just another rumor.

revolutionary? I wasn't even on the debating team in high school."

**RUMOR:** French anthropologists are trying to convince rulebreaker Abdullah the Butcher to fly to Paris so that they may study his bone structure. The anthropologists believe Abdullah may be a direct link to the Neanderthal man.

**FACT:** We agree that Abdullah may be somewhat



less than human, but a direct link to the Neanderthal man? George Steele, maybe; Abdullah, no way.

## INJURY REPORT

Young RICK McGRAW is fully recovered from injuries suffered during a sneak attack by converted rulebreaker LARRY ZBYSZKO. "I know I'm an inexperienced wrestler," said a shaken McGraw, "but I learned a lot from what Larry did to me. In a way, I'm a better man for it."



Rick McGraw is fully recovered from injuries suffered during a sneak attack by Larry Zbyszko.

BRUISER, noted midwest favorite, only missed a day or two of action after his ever-present cigar fell from his mouth and burnt his left forearm. "At first the doctors thought it was a serious thing, the 'One Man Riot Squad' reported, 'but I told them I used to put out cigars on my arms for fun on a dull Friday night. I'll be okay.'"

That's it for now. Catch you later. ☐

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## BODYSLAMS

(Continued from Page 10)

Also, Rhodes ruins competition. By his ability to gain publicity, he takes away glory from the champions. Wrestlers see that a title isn't as important as publicity, so they devote more time to talking and less time to wrestling. The money is in personality, not success. You can blame that on Rhodes, too.

Still, one can't ignore the man, as one can't ignore a plague. He has captured the imagination of people who pay money for tickets, and that's all he has to do. With his witless patter, shameless pandering to the fans, and ridiculous bragging, his fame is unquestioned. You can't blame other wrestlers for being impressed. The money is too good to ignore.

So who is responsible for this disease named Rhodes? The blame must ultimately be placed on the fans. They made Rhodes a star and they are ruining wrestling.

Where will it end? In his quest for popularity, wrestling has lost Ric Flair, perhaps the most skilled young grappler of this era. Others are sure to follow. The fans in their foolishness dangle fortunes and wrestlers accept. You can't blame them for taking the money. You can blame the fans for offering it.

What can be done? The fans should start appreciating the so-called bad guys. Men like Baron Von Raschke, Hulk Hogan, and



the Samoans deserve support. They may wrestle outside the rules at times—like every wrestler—but that doesn't matter. What is important is that these men and men like them are redefining the meaning of the sport. Twenty years from now, the men the fans despise will be known as the heroes of wrestling. People will regard Rhodes as a joke.

Every time someone cheers Dusty Rhodes, wrestling suffers. Because of Rhodes, the development of the sport has already been set back 20 years. The longer his popularity remains strong, the more harm is done.



Rhodes' hold on the NWA title was short-lived. And, according to Shocket, his new philosophy will not help bring it back.

We are now at a crossroads. The fate of wrestling is in the hands of the fans. Either men like Rhodes will dominate or real wrestlers will dominate. Either wrestling wallows in hollow words or grows into the sport of the future.

It's up to the fans. Things have never looked worse. ☐

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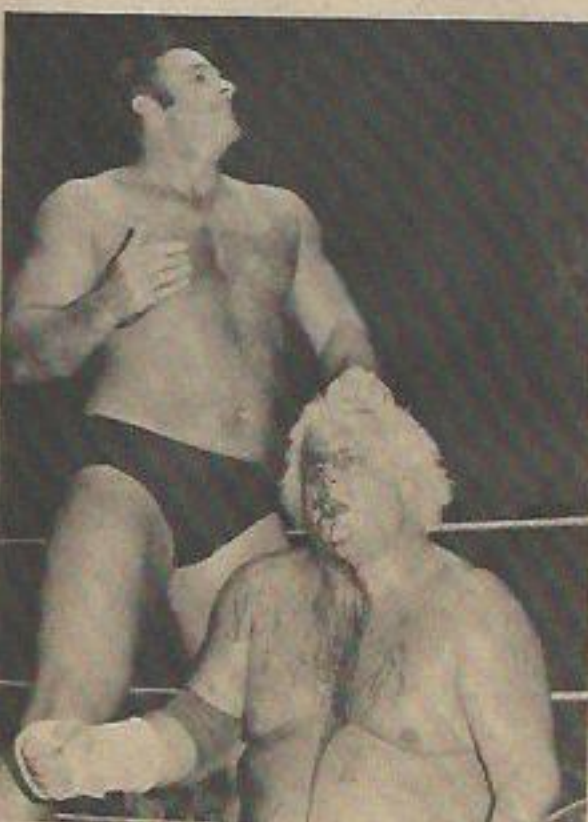
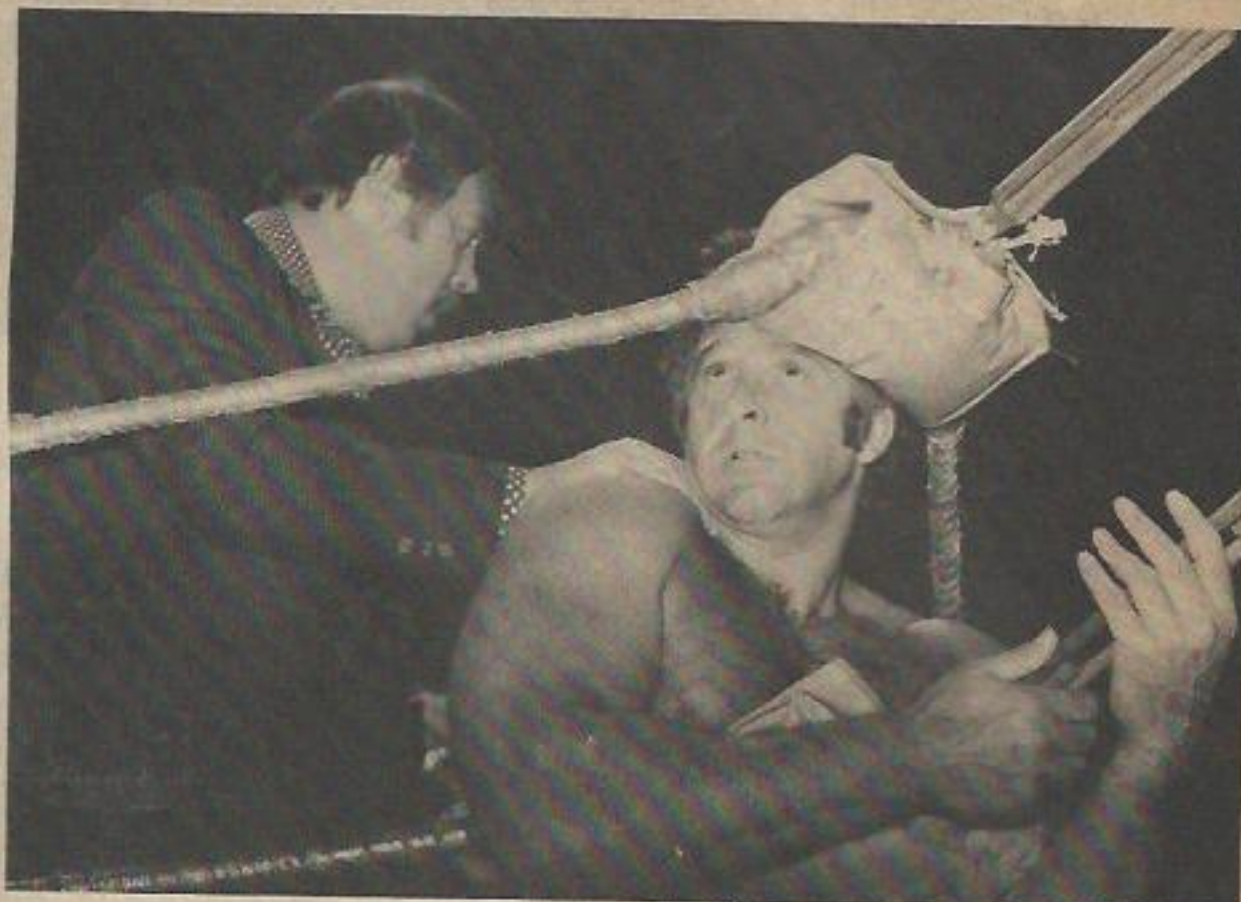
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## ON THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 12)



Gary Morgenstein believes that Lewin's former manager, Gary Hart, had a profound effect on Mark's personality (above). Lewin opens a large gash over Dusty Rhodes' eye and continues to pound away (left).

Enter Gary Hart. Yes, the accusing finger swivels to Hart. For a while. There was a period during Lewin's Texas days when he wrestled cleanly. To be honest, the reasons for his jolting swing back to rulebreaking, in fact, to pure insanity, focus on The Great Mephisto's pernicious powers.

Mephisto is a sick man, incapable of feeling anything good for anyone, the sort who'll pluck flowers from the ground or kick a dog. You know the type. Years ago, Lewin may have rejected such a manager. No more.

There was a time Lewin controlled his fate. That power perished with loneliness, with a desperate need to find success and friends. Why will one man choose the oath of scientific wrestling and another smash a skull with a foreign object?

I have no idea. And that saddened me as I flew out of Buffalo, away from Mark Lewin's hopeful past and toward the uncertain presents of other similar wrestlers.

cause. Bit by bit, the feeling grew and Lewin wanted a cause, something to believe in. And I knew, just felt this conclusion, someone had turned Lewin bad.

I spoke to teachers, employees, old girlfriends, best friends, a cleaning lady, everyone I could think to interview. A composite sketch developed.

Mark Lewin, tough and afraid or confused about showing his toughness. Ambitious without a definitive direction. And alone. A mark for any tough, unscrupulous manager eager to warp Lewin's skills into a demented weapon.



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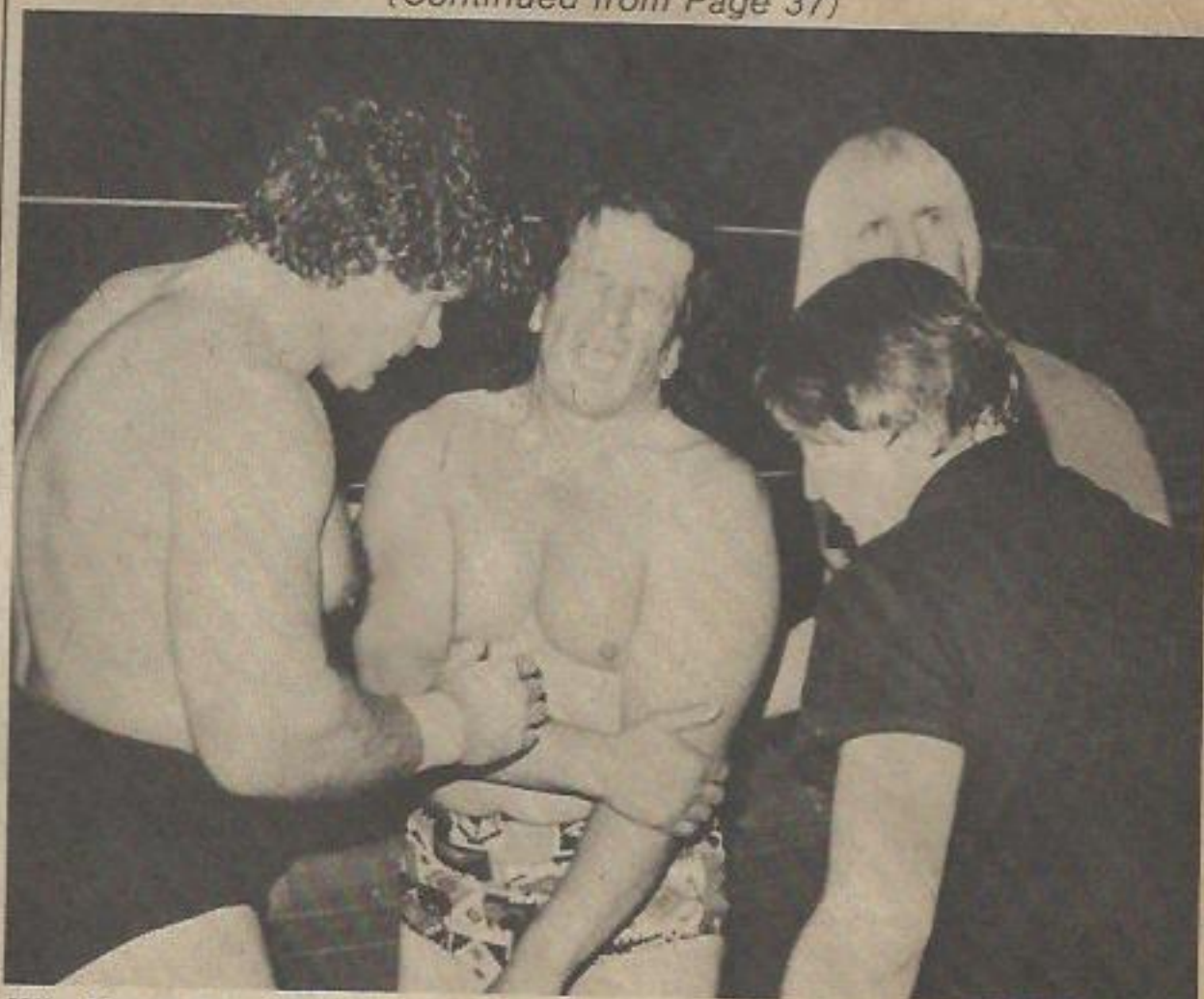
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# ERNIE LADD

(Continued from Page 37)



Mike Sharpe examines Strongbow's arm, while Tommy Rich and an official look on. His left arm had to be placed in a cast.

In a voice barely above a nervous whisper, he explained Indian wrestlers aren't bright enough to eat real food because they don't know how to prepare their food. He said the myth of Indians hunting is just that, a myth. He said Indians can't shoot a gun or an arrow. And he said Indians are too stupid to make a fire and cook their meat.

Obviously, anyone who can't cook food must eat it raw or find some substitute. That's where the feathers come into the picture. Since Indians are ignorant and can't figure out cooking, they eat their feathers. Handy, right? I know, everyone out there thinks Ernie Ladd is so damn arrogant. All right, I admit not everyone has access to gourmet cooks like I do.

Chefs consider cooking for me the experience of a lifetime. If they're good. Otherwise I order their immediate torture and expulsion, not necessarily in that order. But back to the point. I'm talking about ignorant Indian wrestlers, which is rather redundant.

Maybe I'm a little harsh. I happen to believe all ugly people should be put on a tiny island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Mines laid in place surrounding this island so none can escape. Food could be flown in once every few weeks or so. And they can have their own government. Imagine President Andre the Giant!

Also, ignorant people should be isolated. Unlike ugly people, who can be left alone because they can't hurt themselves anymore. How could someone with a face like Rick Steamboat look uglier?

But stupid people can hurt themselves. Mr. Wrestling II would walk under a train without a guide. And Tommy Rich couldn't open a door unless aided. That's the kind of ignoramus I'm talking about.

Put them in a country setting. Fence the camp with padded walls so they don't injure themselves. Pull out all rocks so no one trips. Set up a housing system since they're too stupid to learn the intricacies of a shower. Ever stand close to Tim Woods? Guy smells like laundry from 1925.

Everyone expects me to put



Indian wrestlers in either of these camps. That's why *I* rule *you*.

Indian wrestlers are both stupid and ugly. What good would putting an idiot like Chief Jay Strongbow in an Ugly camp be when he'd fall down and kill himself within hours? Or try to swim without taking his head out of the water? Indian wrestlers don't know how to breathe. That's a known biological fact.

If I put an ugly person like McDaniel in the Stupid Camp, he'd depress everyone. Nothing worse than a bunch of stupid people crying. They're too stupid to stop so they'll sit all day crying until they fall down and faint.



Ladd drives his heavy boots into Strongbow's arm. Strongbow has promised revenge for the beating and embarrassment he suffered.

Only one solution exists for disposing of Indian wrestlers. I refer to that famous axiom said by great men throughout the ages: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

Yes, I ask Strongbow and McDaniel and Youngblood and any potential Indian wrestlers to save themselves much grief and embarrassment by committing suicide. I'd rent out an arena for the joyous occasion. Probably sell the place out in a few hours. There'd be music and dancing and much happiness. ☐

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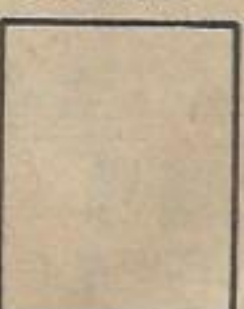
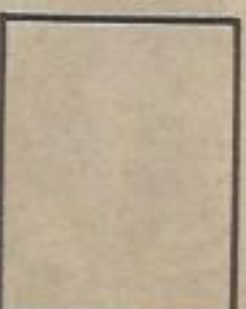
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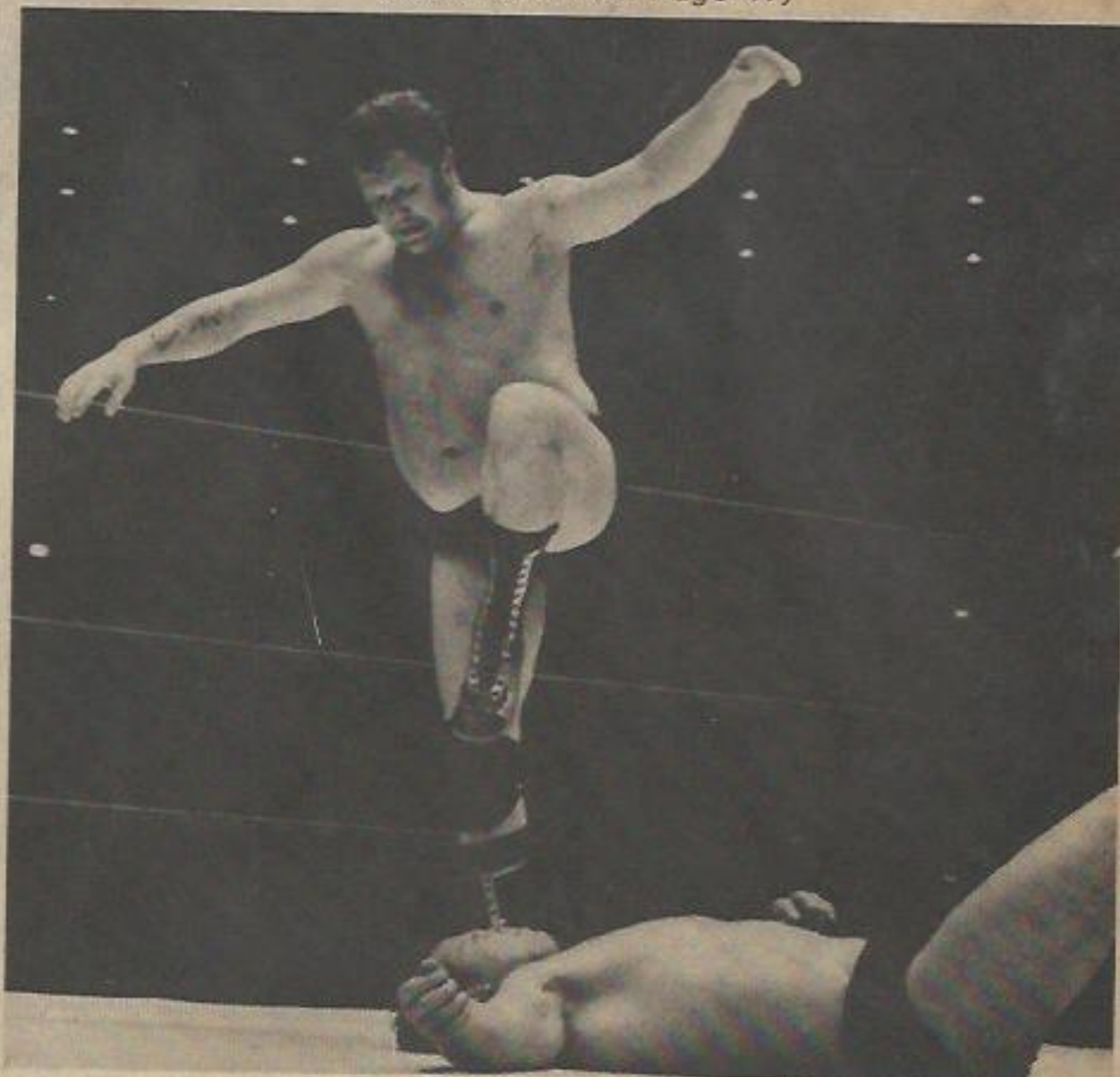
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# ONE ON ONE

(Continued from Page 47)



The two met years ago, and though the  
outcome was inconclusive, both  
wrestlers absorbed a great deal of  
punishment. Above: Race stomps  
Backlund's face. Opposite right:  
Backlund throws Race across the ring.  
Left: Backlund thanks the crowd for its  
support following a recent defense.



pansies like Hogan or Patera.  
Try tangling with a cham-  
pion, a man who's felt the  
blood of a thick wrist slam  
against his skull and who's  
whacked his hand alongside  
some dumber ying-yang's head.  
After you've wrestled, punk,  
come back and we'll talk.

**BB:** You saying I don't wrestle?

**HR:** No, I'm givin' you my sister's  
recipe for meat loaf. Yeah,  
punk, you got no real  
competition up there in the  
WWF. Your style of wrestlin'  
is typical of young punk crap,  
dainty little maneuvers and  
fakin' this way and that. That  
ain't wrestlin'. This sport, the  
sport I love, I respect, that's  
been real good...

can't move, can't think.  
You're kinda sad, Race.

**HR:** You're very brave over a  
phone.

**BB:** That a challenge?

**HR:** Again with the questions.  
Yeah, that's a challenge.  
You're real tough with



**BB:** Just hold everything, Race. There are more than two ways of wrestling and defending a title. You may do things your way, but that isn't the only way. No such thing as one true path to anything.

**HR:** Oh, listen to the college boy.

**BB:** Everyone has their own unique style and as long as you obey the rules, that style should be respected. Unless you can't respect the style 'cause you're jealous.



**HR:** You sayin' I'm jealous of you?

**BB:** Questions, questions. Yup, I think you resent me 'cause I'm younger and better than you. You're not old, but you know your best days are behind you and someday a wrestler like me will flatten your face and walk off with the NWA title. You don't want to face that, do you, Race? Race? Hey Race, where are you going? ☐

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